FOOLED AGAIN
BY THEM DANG

DOOMSDAY SCAMMERS!

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. SINGAPORE - 2025

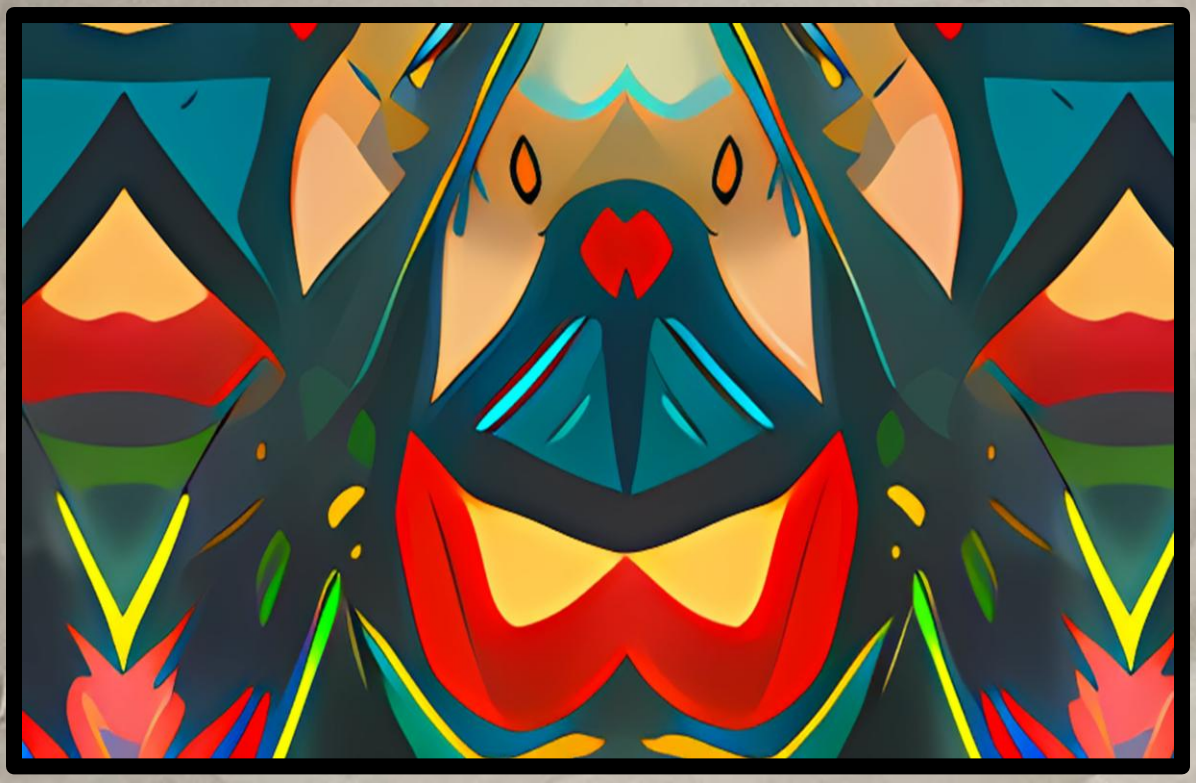
Stop laughing!

I am not in the mood to hear you all collectively say “I told you so.”
It's true that I took the sage advice of my old friend Edgar Cayce and purchased a beachfront property in Nebraska.
If Seine hadn't intervened, I might have impulsively invested in Yuma, Arizona, especially considering the prophecy that California is destined to sink beneath

the waves.
I must admit that I was never particularly worried about the Y2K bug. My experiences with Windows ME during that period led me to believe that the potential collapse of the entire worldwide computer system would not pose a significant threat.
Don't get me started on those self-styled Mayan prophets, with their dubious claims, they had a significantly

influenced my life, particularly in terms of financial stability.
Their predictions about the world ending in 2012 led many, including myself, to question the value of saving for the future or investing in sustainable practices like carbon credits.
Right, Mr. Al DeGore?
This encounter felt distinct from previous ones. The woman bore no grudges and did not

pressure me into purchasing survival supplies, gold or silver futures.
Moreover, who was I to doubt her potential connection to a divine source?
Admittedly, when the prediction of the world's end on February 17, 2026, was made, I was lost in the haze of my last bottle of illicit Cuban rum.
She encouraged me to savor the drink while I still had the chance.
Her expression was frigid as she locked

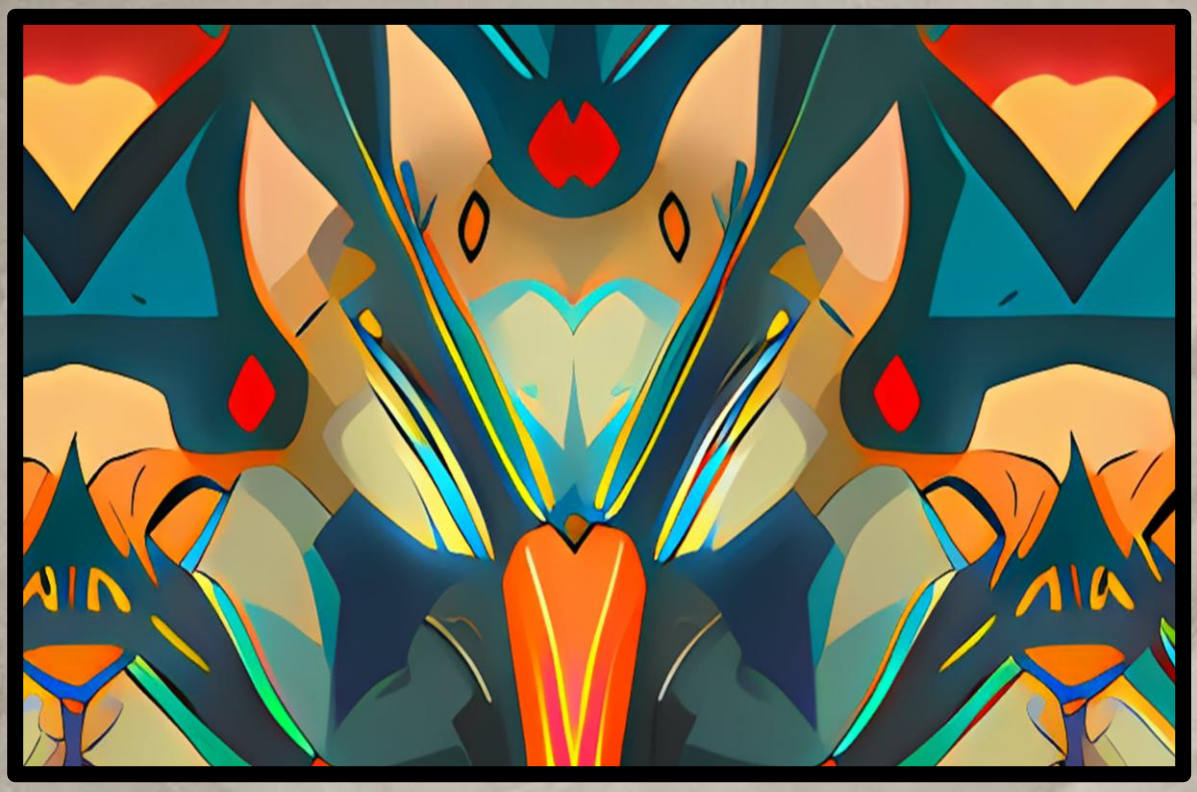


eyes with me, advising against accepting the generous offer from the gentleman from Hong Kong for my left kidney, especially given my pressing need to settle overdue rent.
She even specified the date of the upcoming event in California.
In that moment, I made a silent promise to myself: if her words held any truth, I would ensure that Seine felt the consequences.

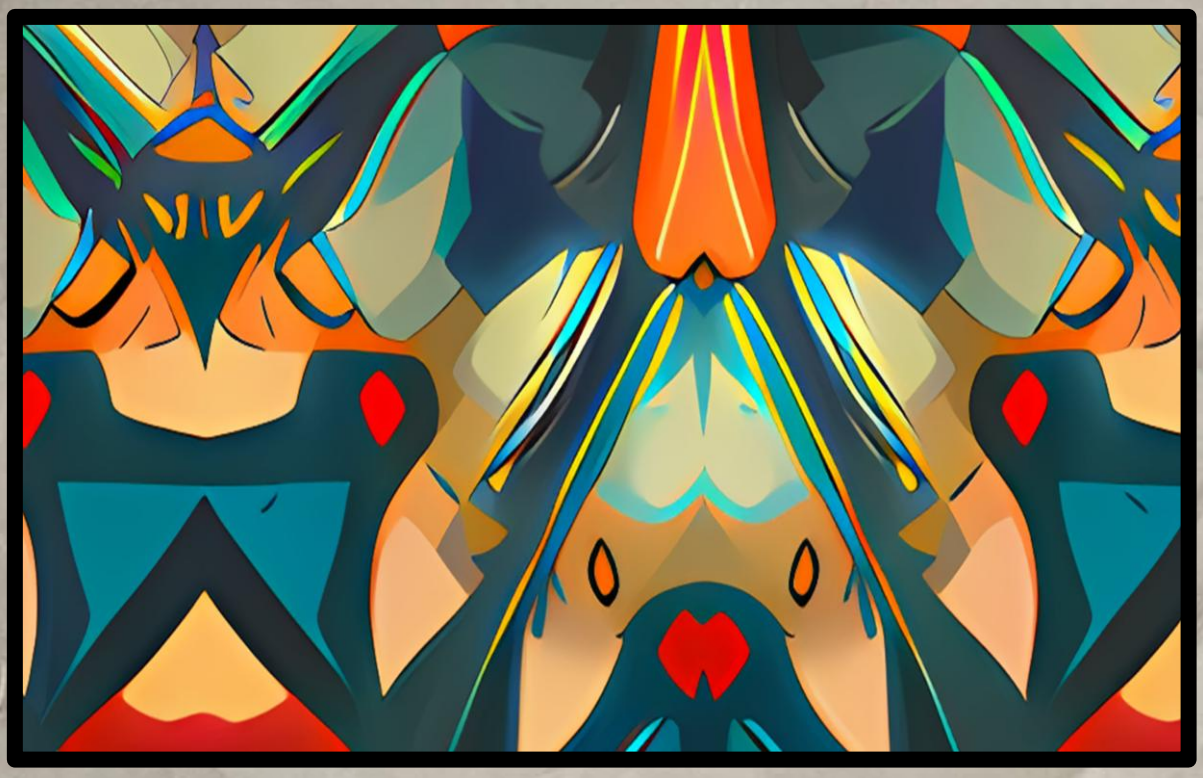
Regret washed over me as I reflected on my past decisions; had I not heeded his advice, I could soon be a prosperous land baron in Arizona, sitting on a prime piece of property right on the beach! Given my prior unsatisfactory doomsday encounters, I reached out to my cousin, at city hall, who performed a standard background check.

This investigation revealed that there were no arrest warrants issued against

her by the local police, the FBI, or Interpol.
Additionally, her fortune-telling services received excellent reviews on Yelp, while her herbal remedies boasted a flawless five-star rating on Craigslist.
I concluded that she had no personal stake in the situation, and her judgment appeared to be quite sound, although I must confess I was under the influence of rum at the time.



This seemed like a fitting moment to express some personal reflections, including the possibility that I was the individual with the umbrella on the Grassy Knoll in Dallas, and that I might—or might not—recall the precise location in the desert near Fort Hood where a commando unit was interred.
Seeing that the unfolding of the future will soon cease, leaving behind a legacy of unresolved animosities and the



remnants of corrupt, violent political figures.

As we prepare to convene on the 17th at 8:17 am California time, it is imperative that these individuals, many of whom have long since passed, face one final reckoning—a moment of disgrace and humiliation that calls for judgment, even if they now rest in peace, perhaps with metaphorical stakes through their hearts.

Miss Kimmie, a distinguished lawyer and legal authority at WWWG, successfully persuaded Seine to refrain from publishing my previous column's revelation.

I wish to clarify that this matter is now resolved, and I want to stress that I do not harbor any suicidal thoughts.

This is important to note if I were to be found at the morgue with multiple self-inflicted gunshot wounds and a

nicely typed suicide note attached to my Hawaiian shirt—echoing the tragic case of my former mentor, Dr. Thompson—there shall be no further explanation needed, particularly in light of existing restraining orders.

I wished to continue our conversation; however, in this internet café, which prefers to remain unnamed, there is a charge for usage after the first thirty minutes.

- Emil, 19 Feb 2026

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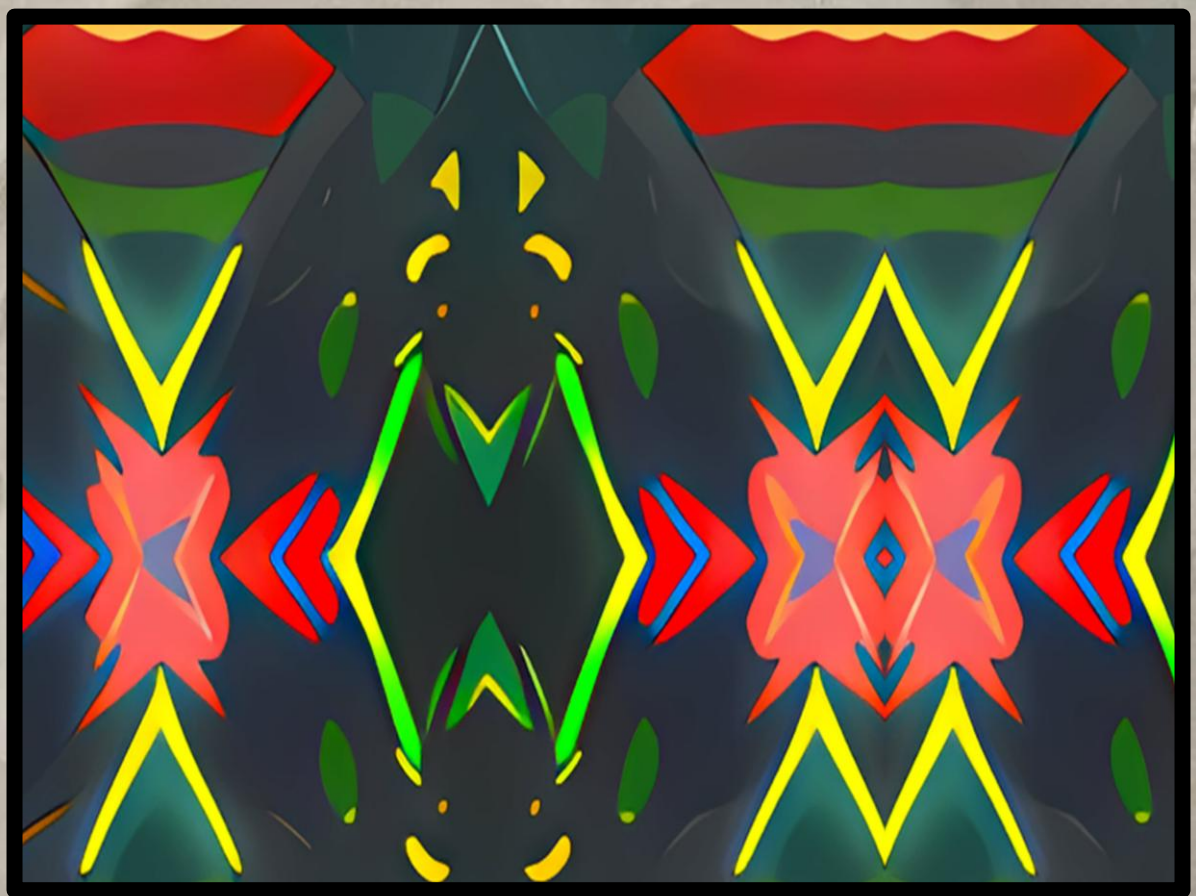

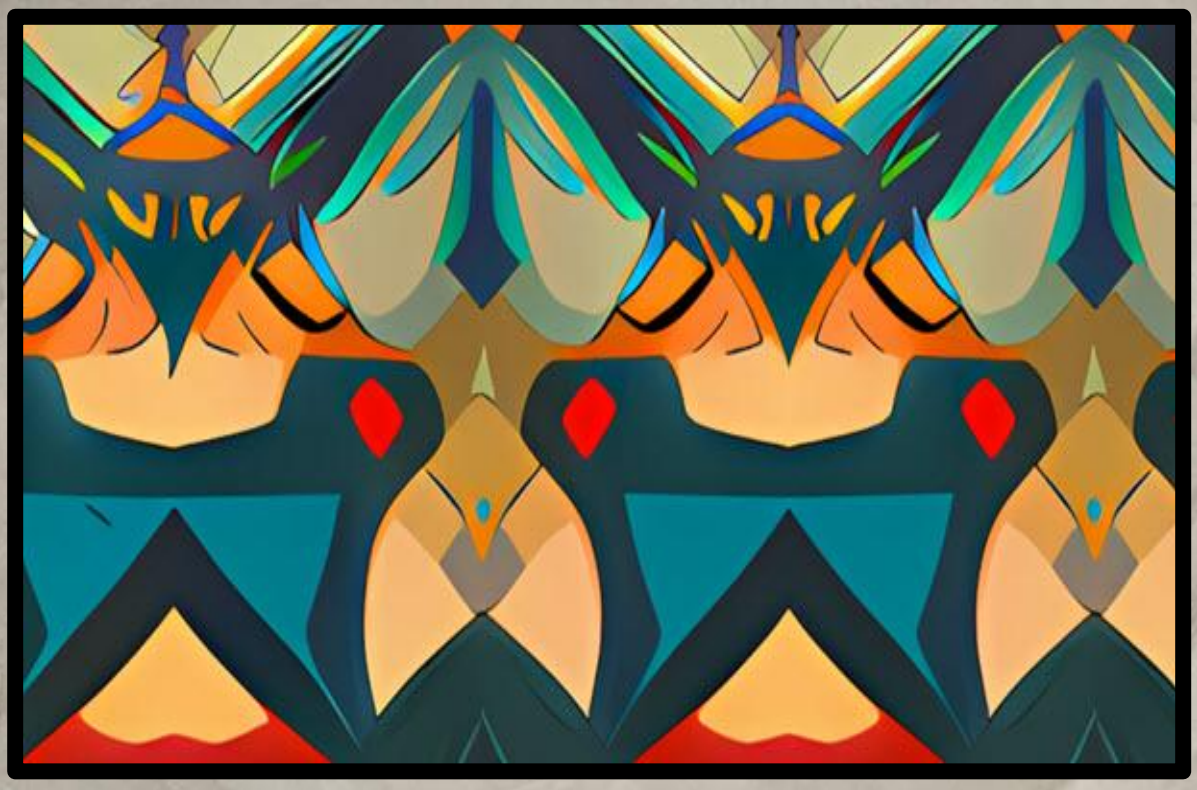

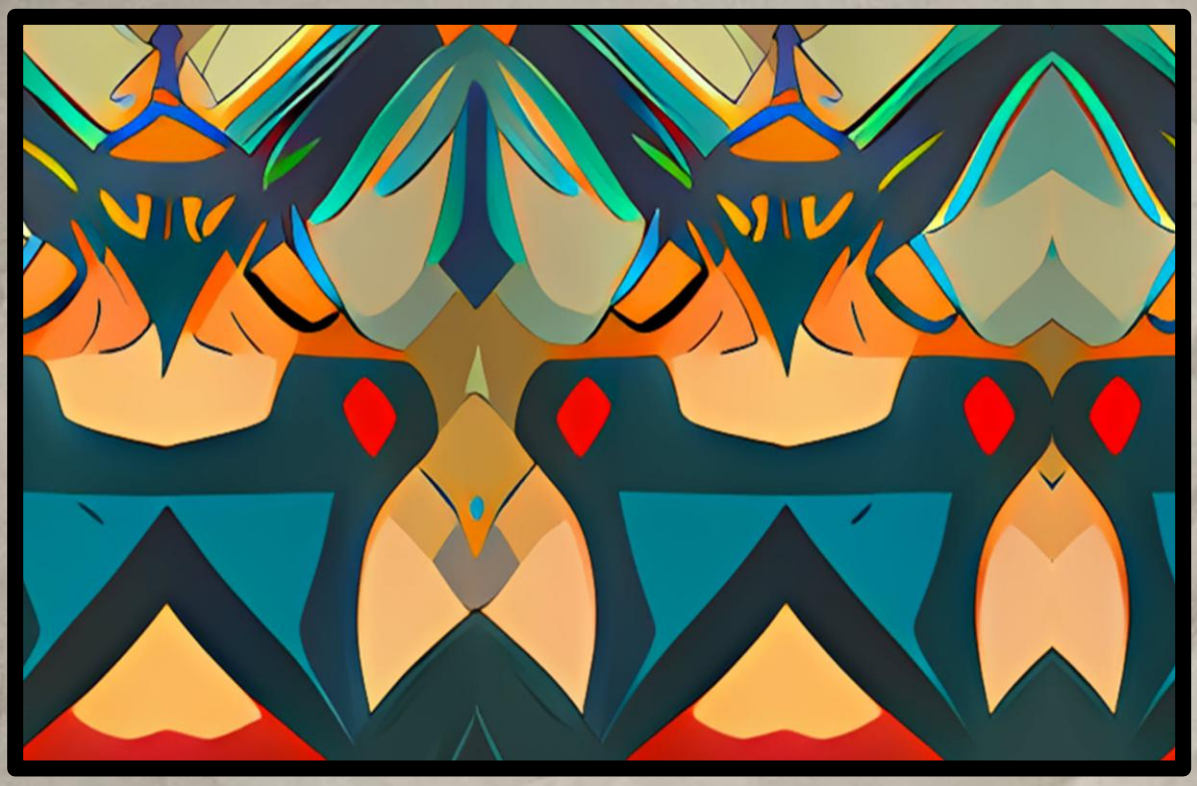

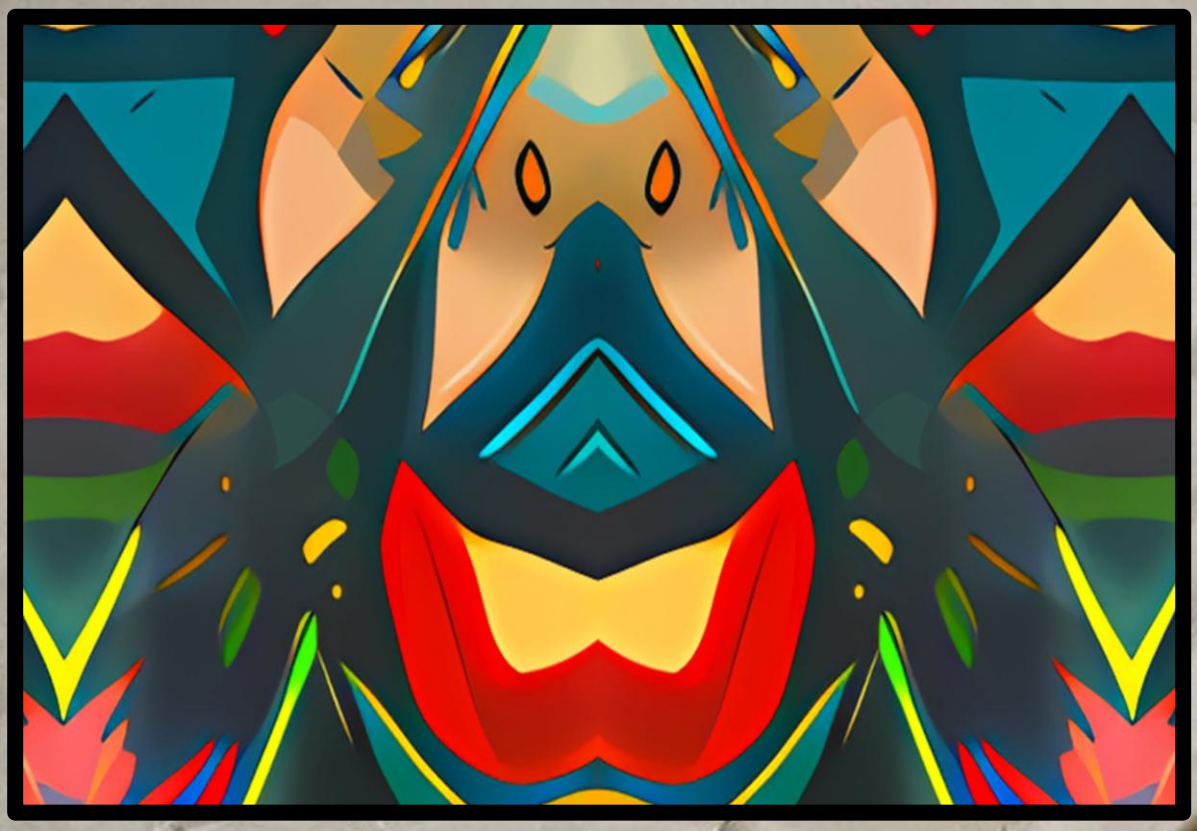

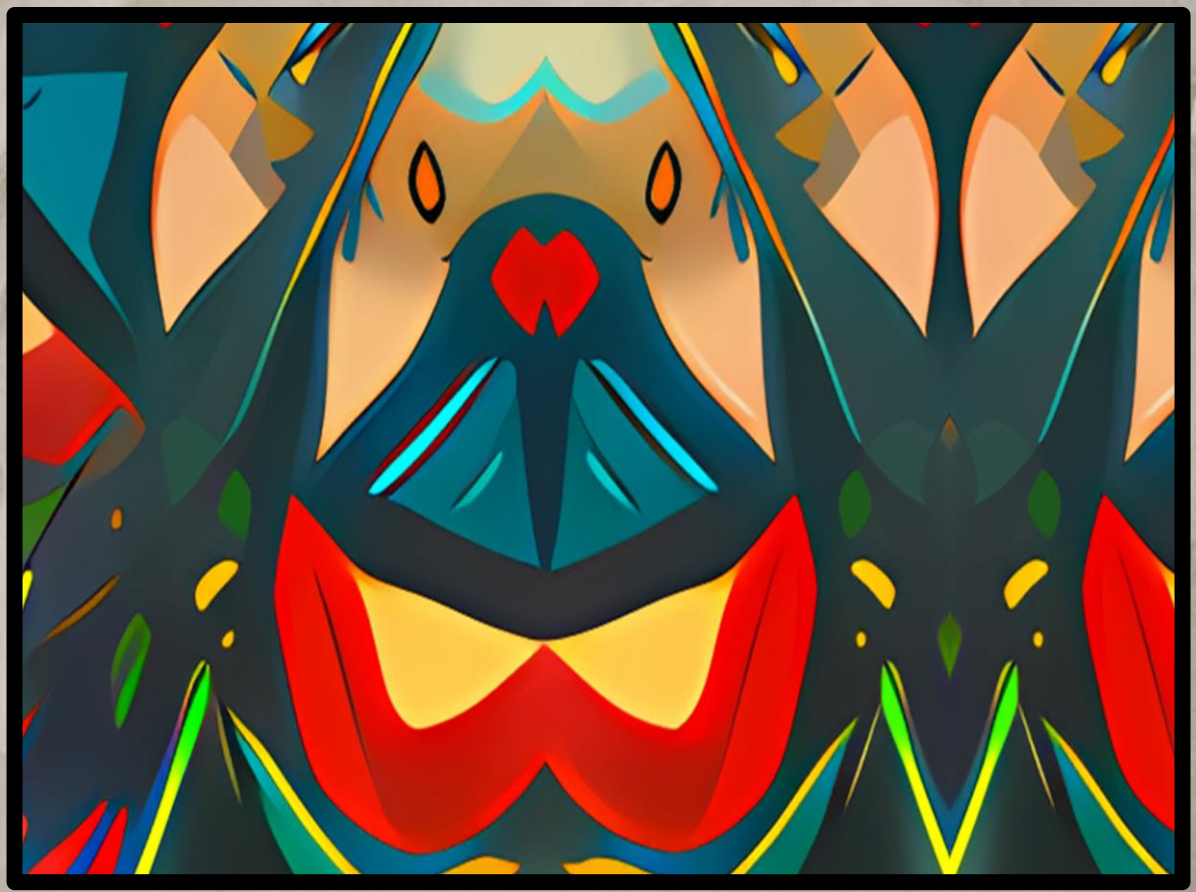

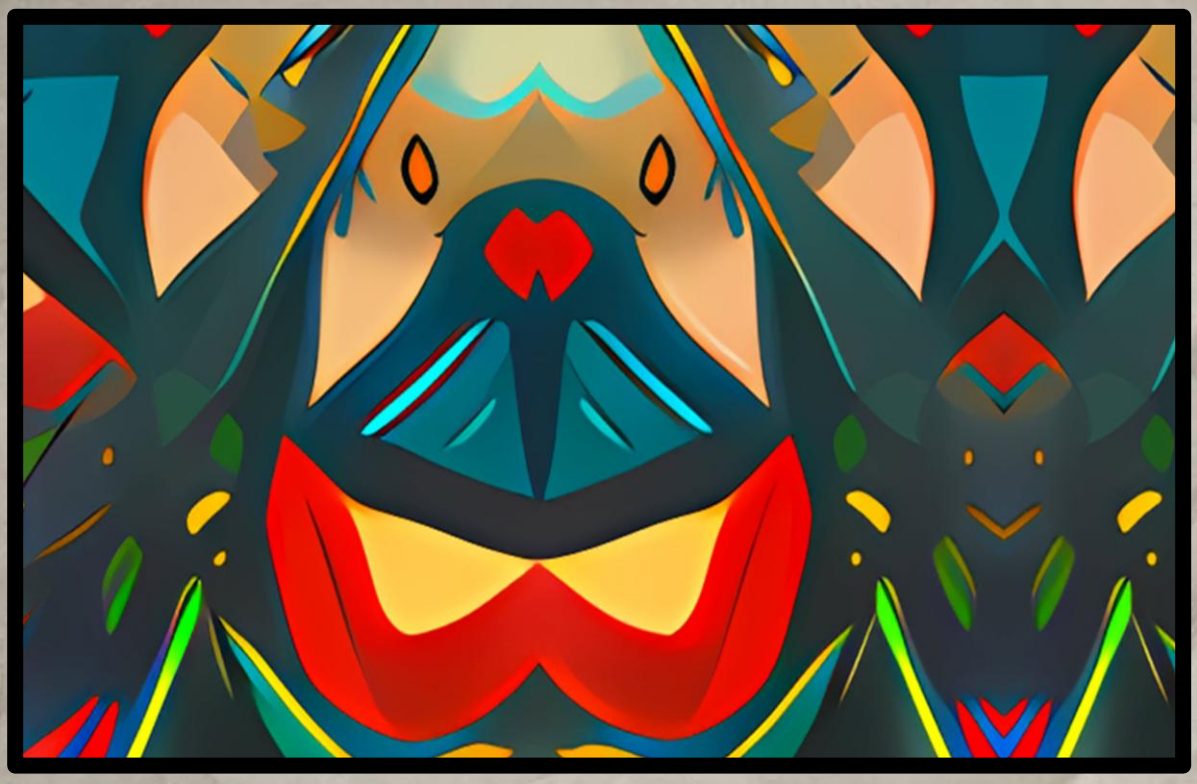

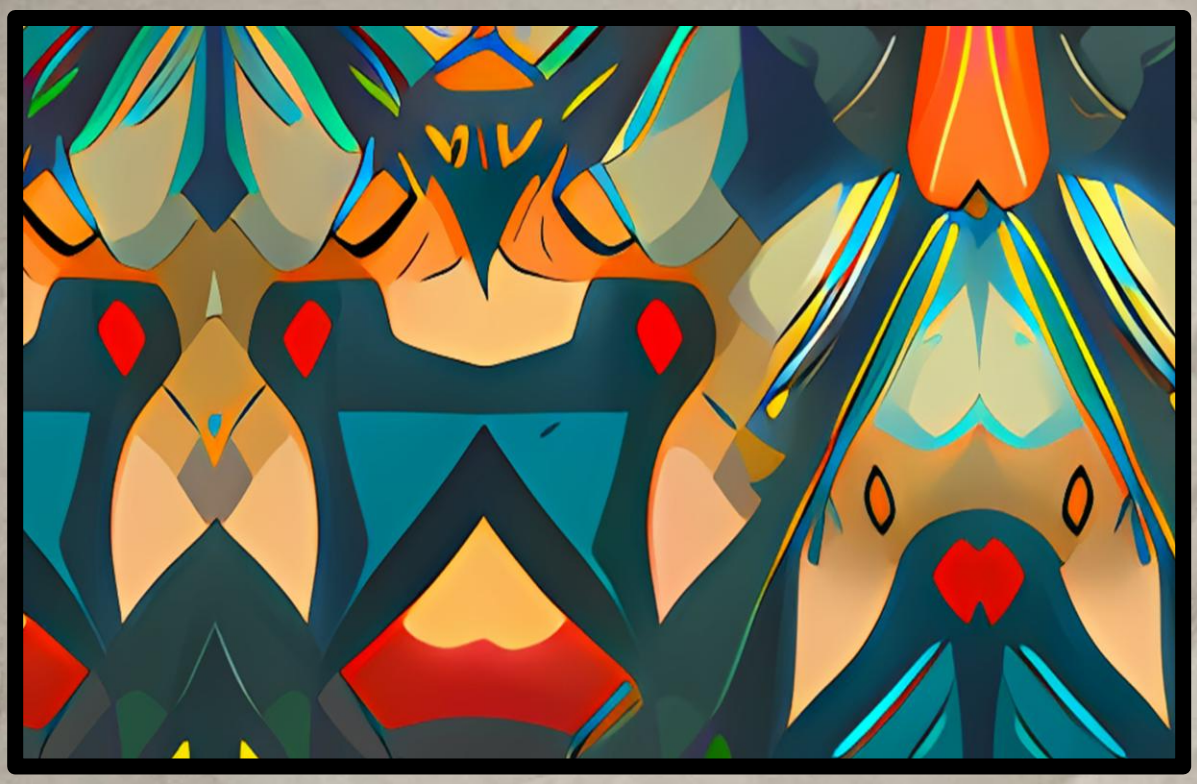

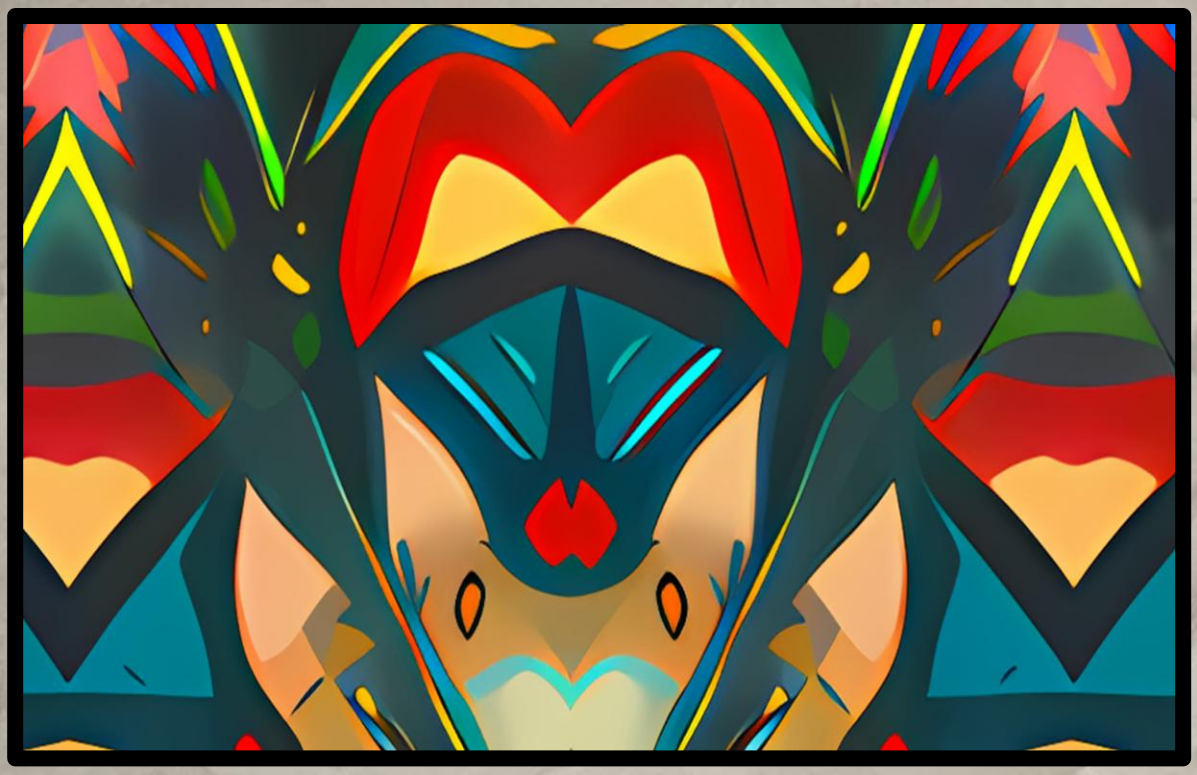

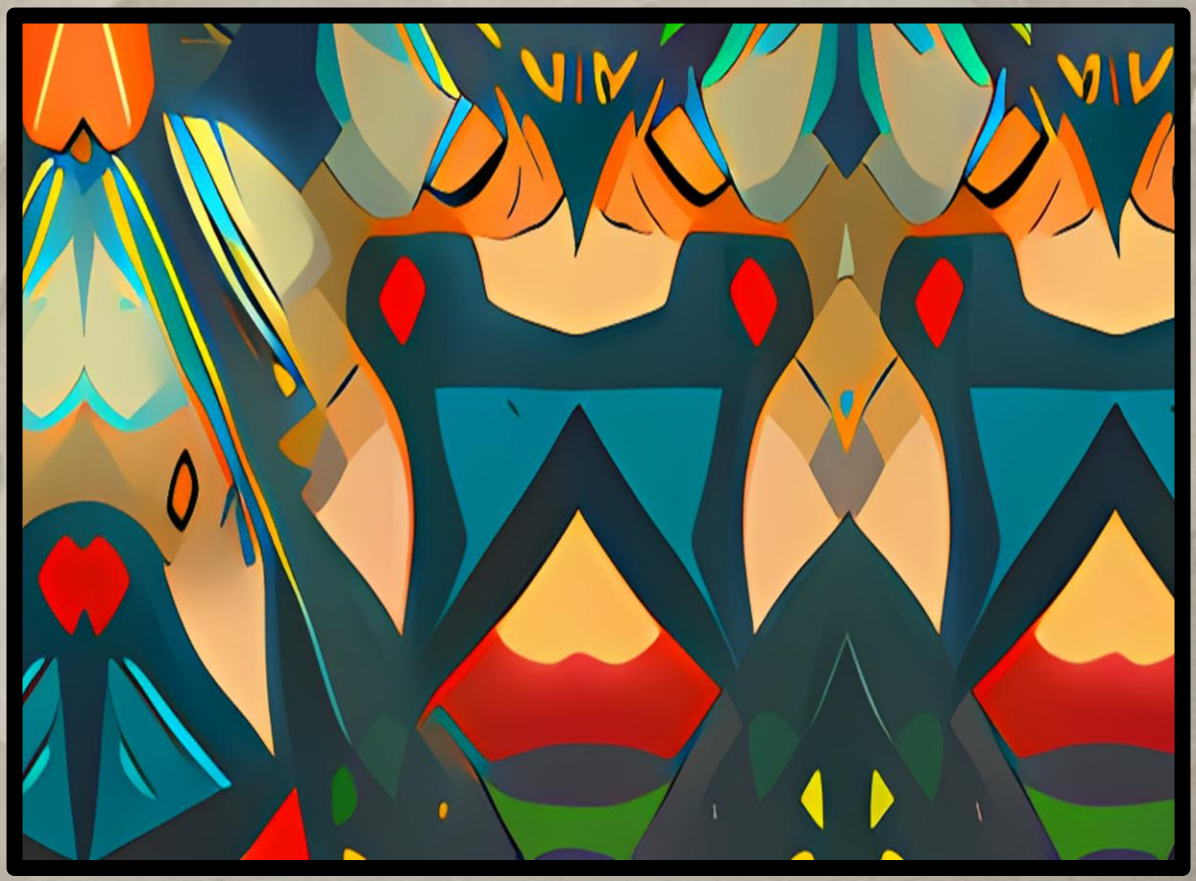

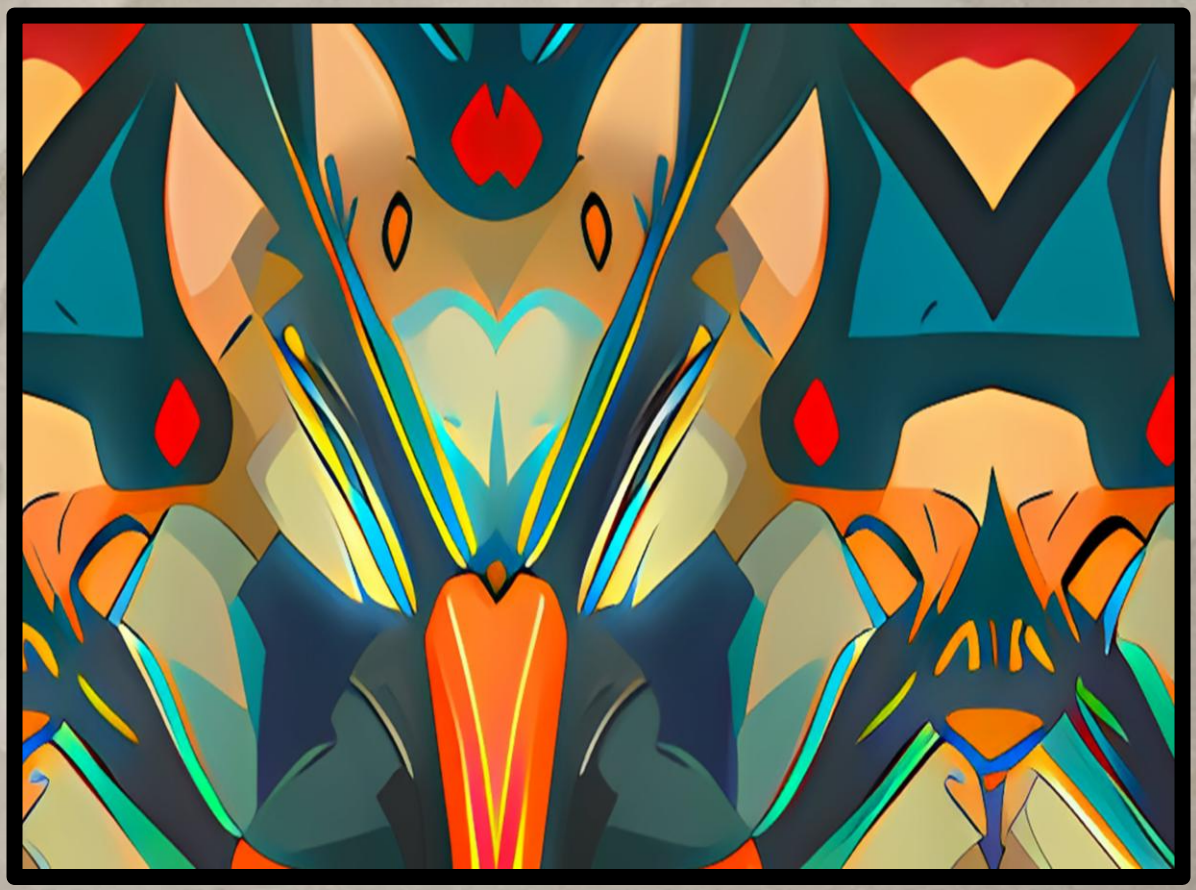

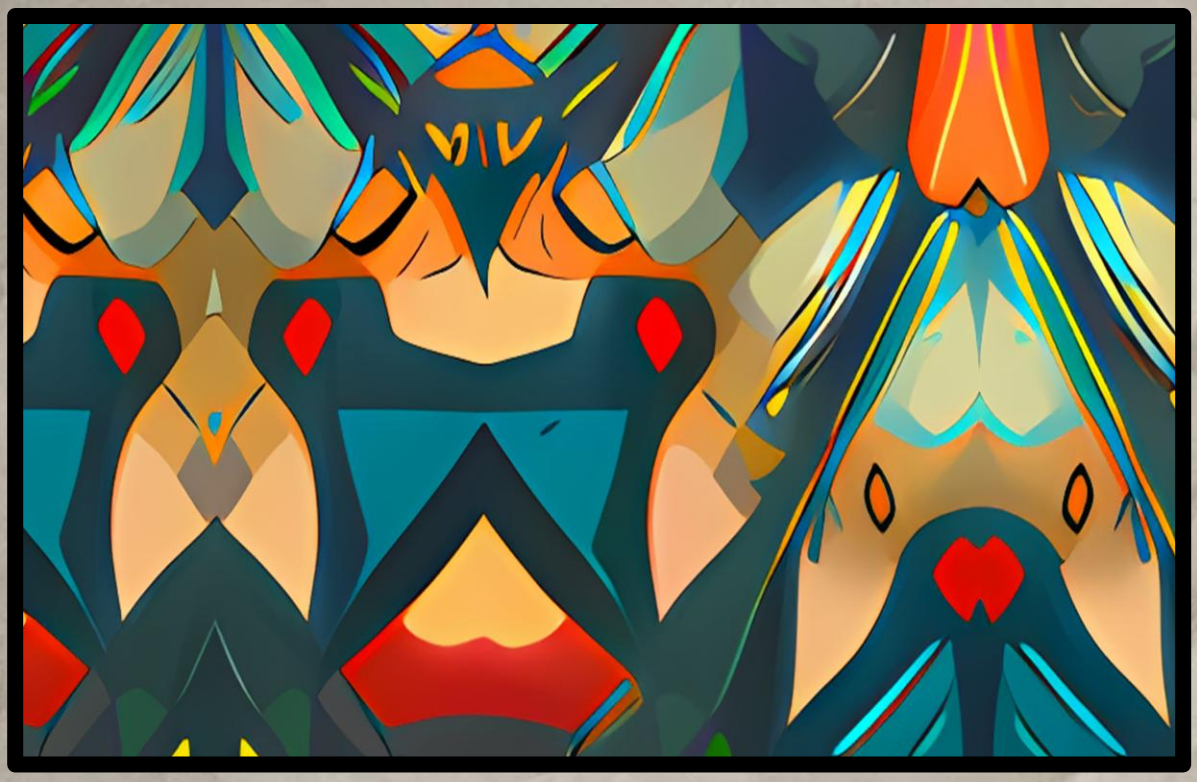

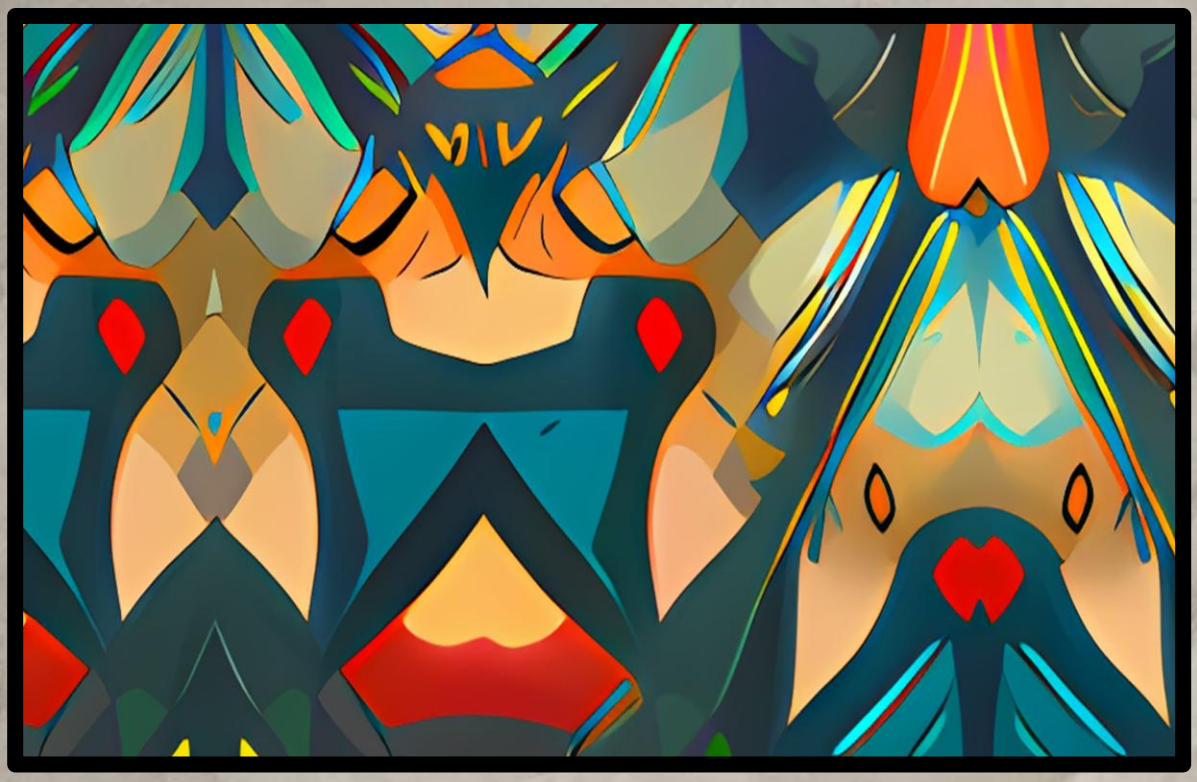

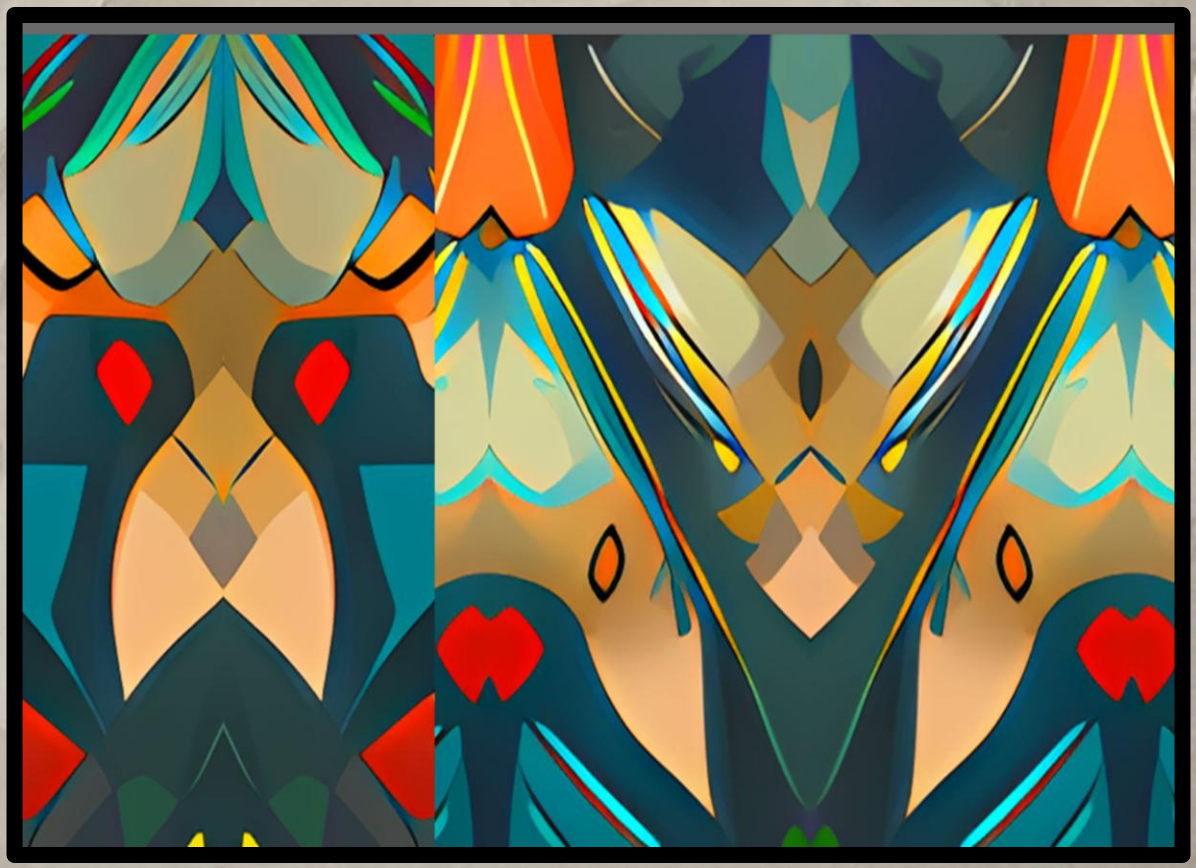

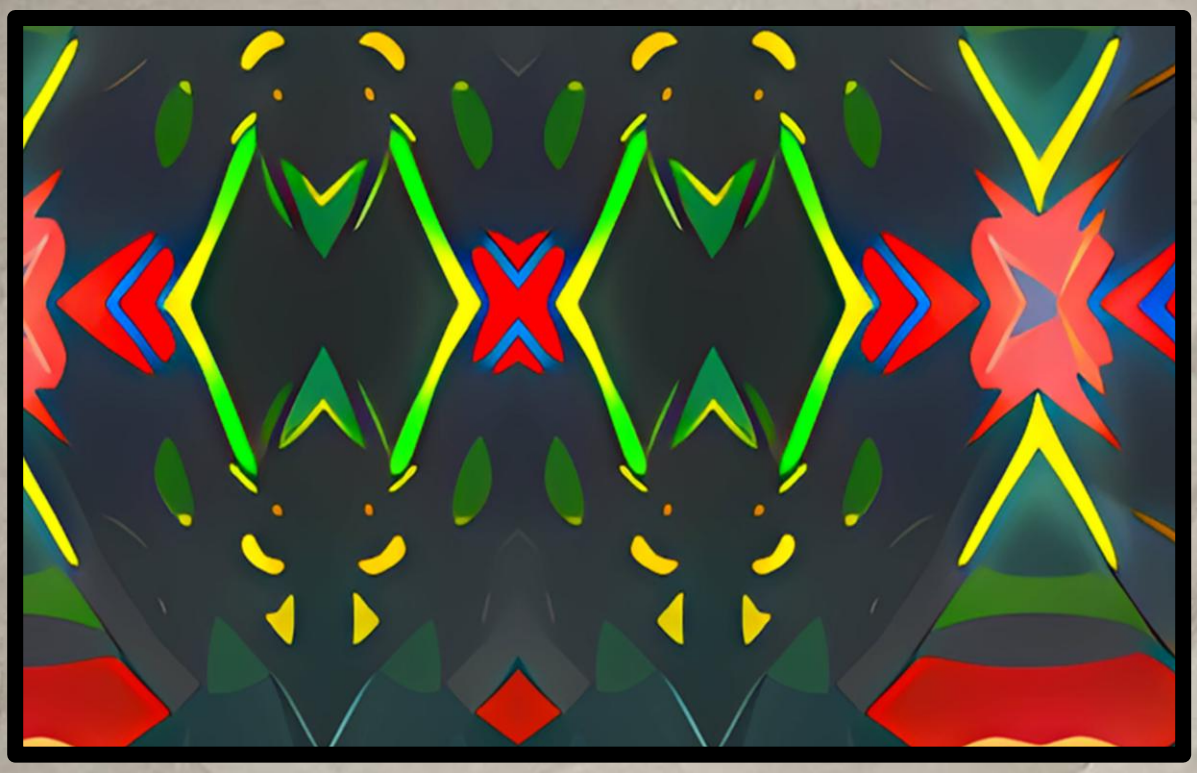

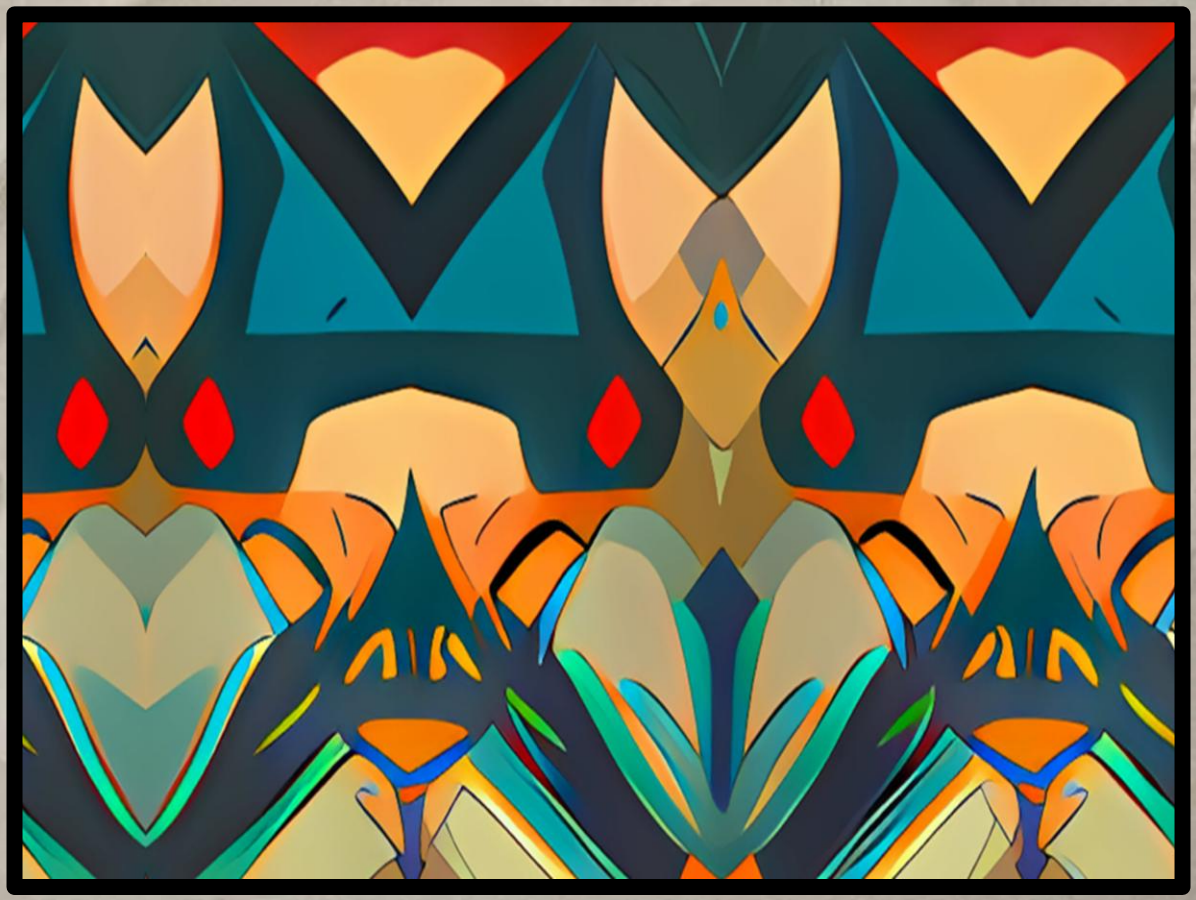

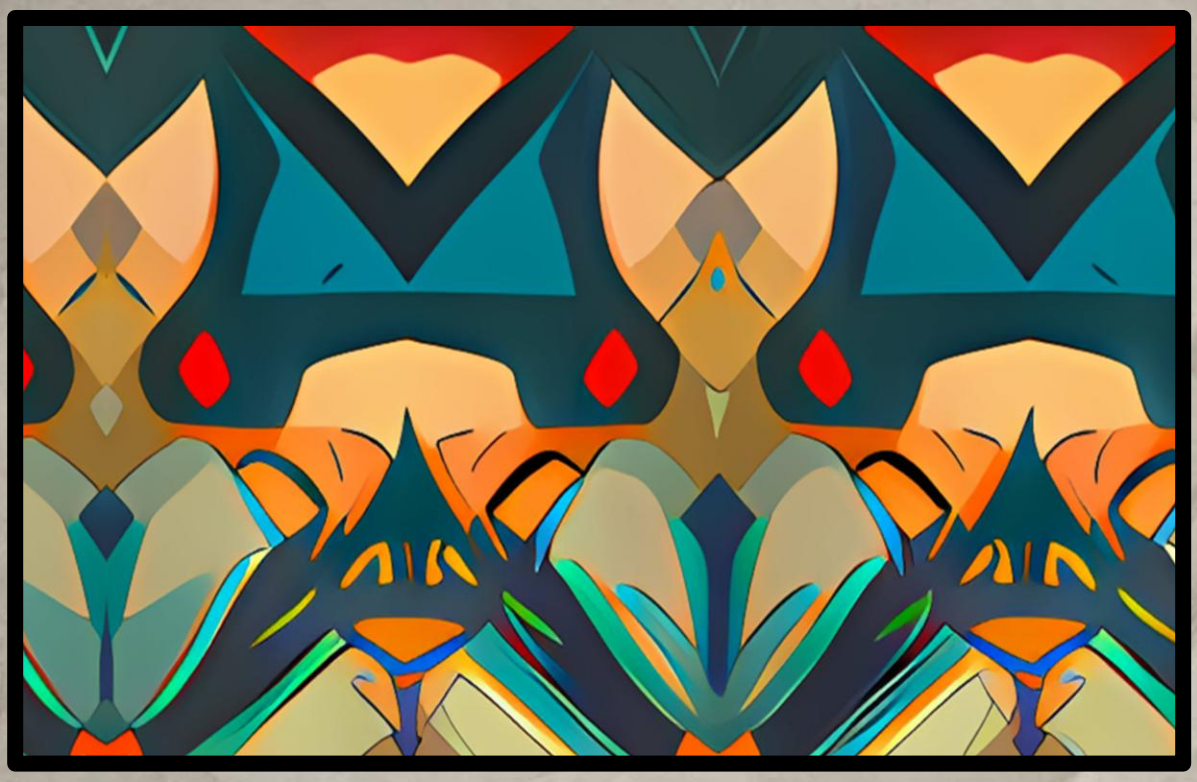

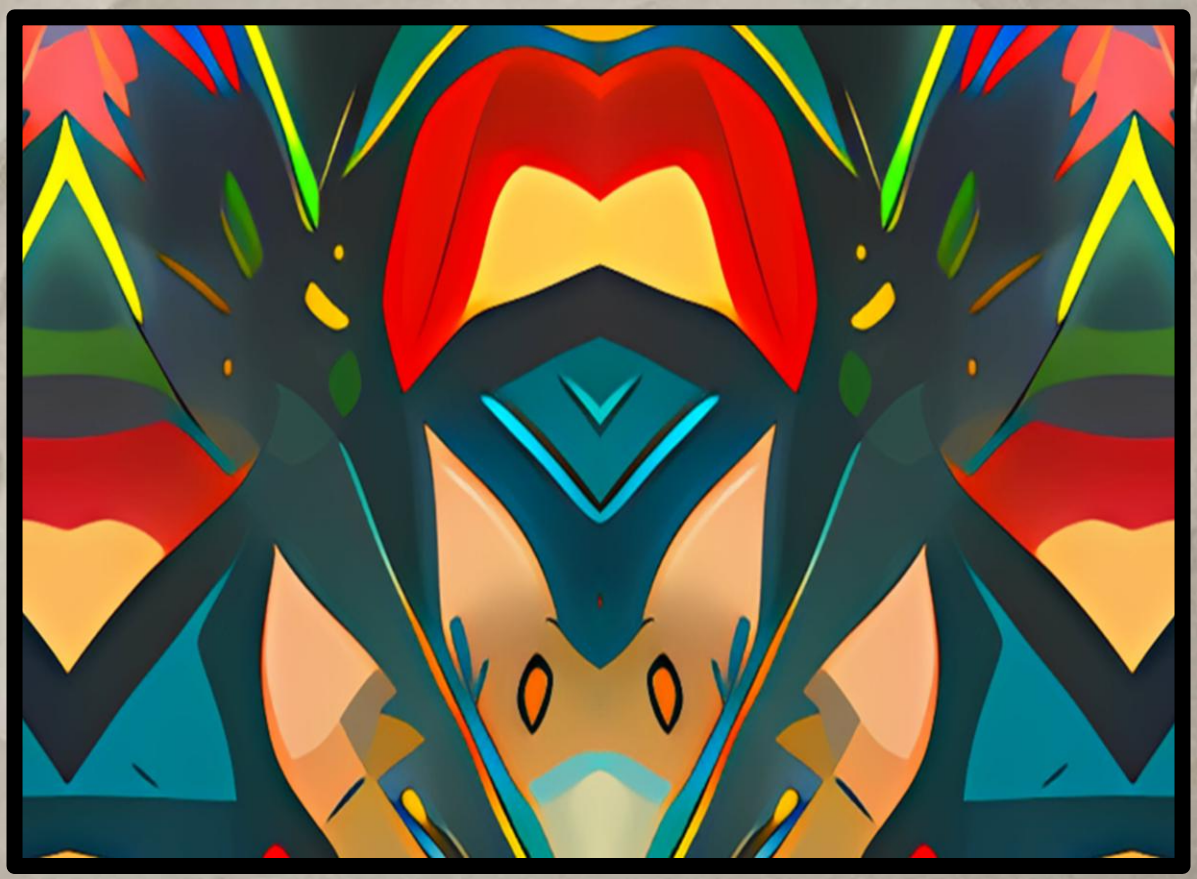

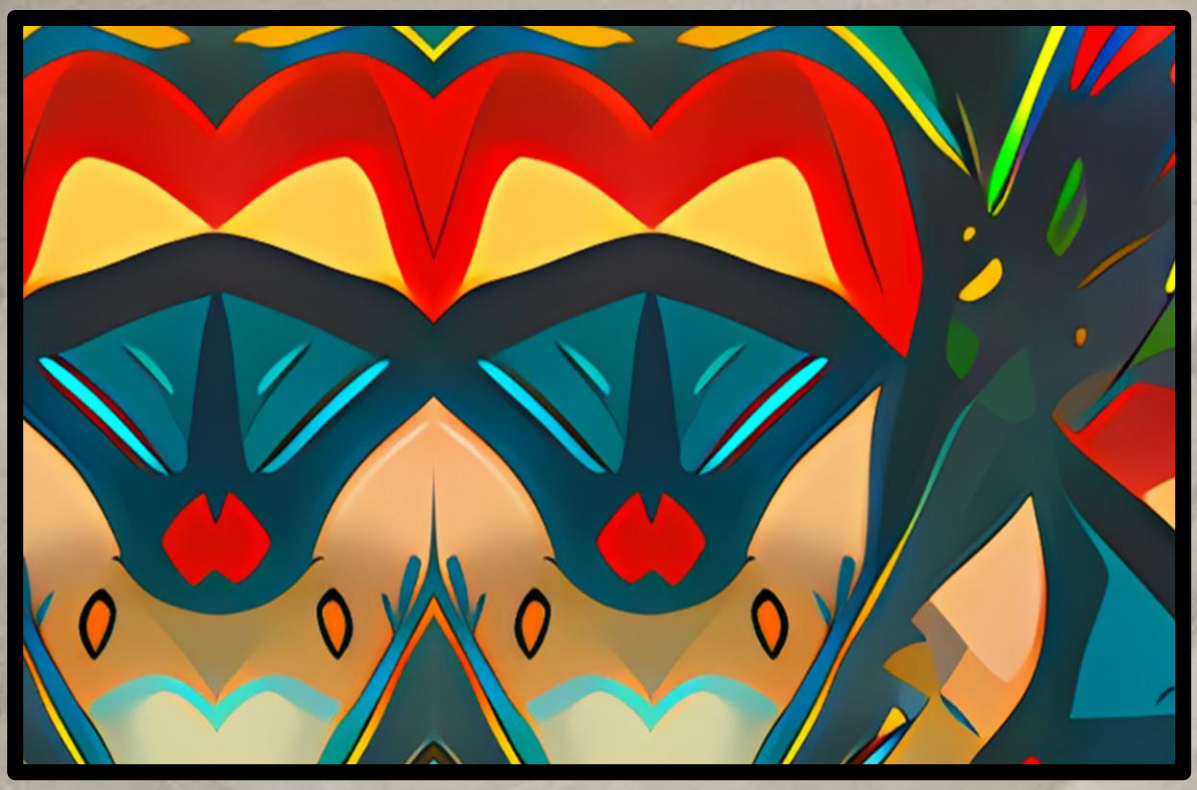

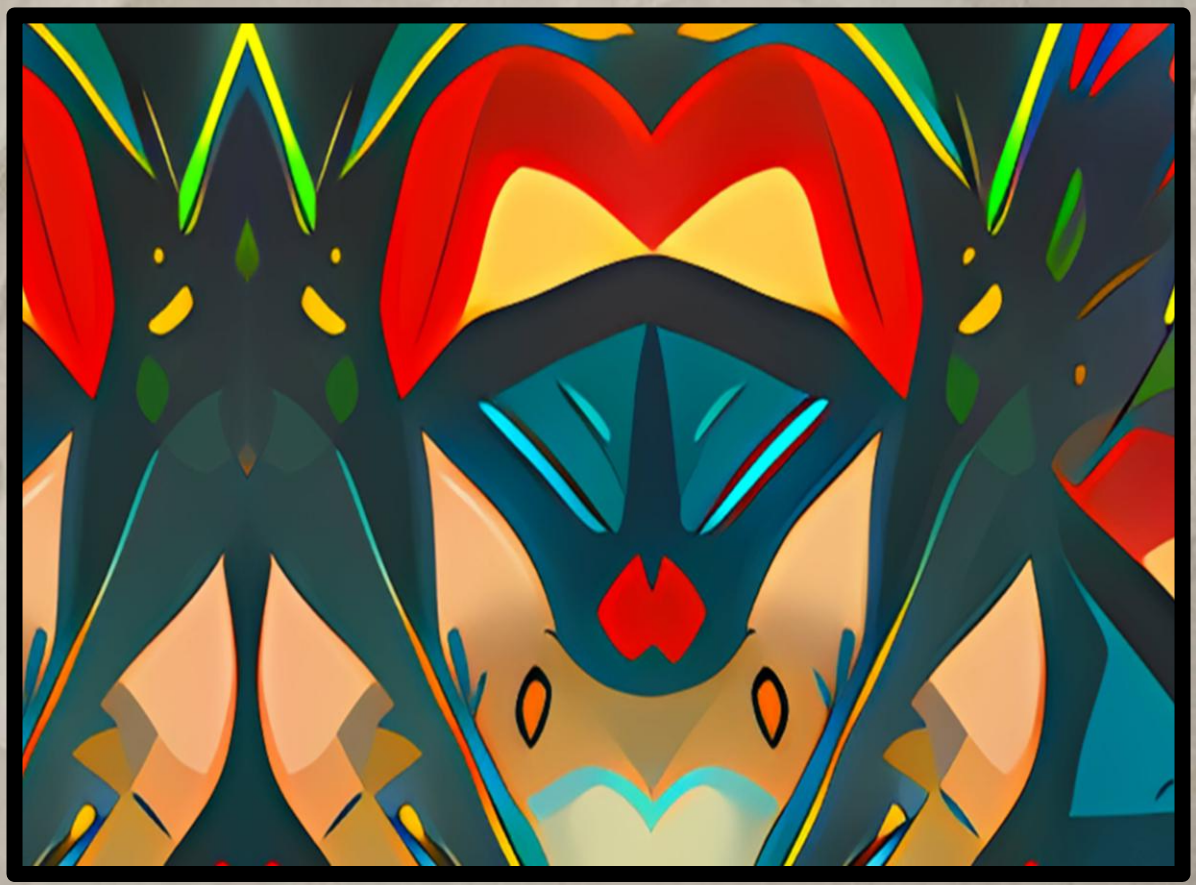

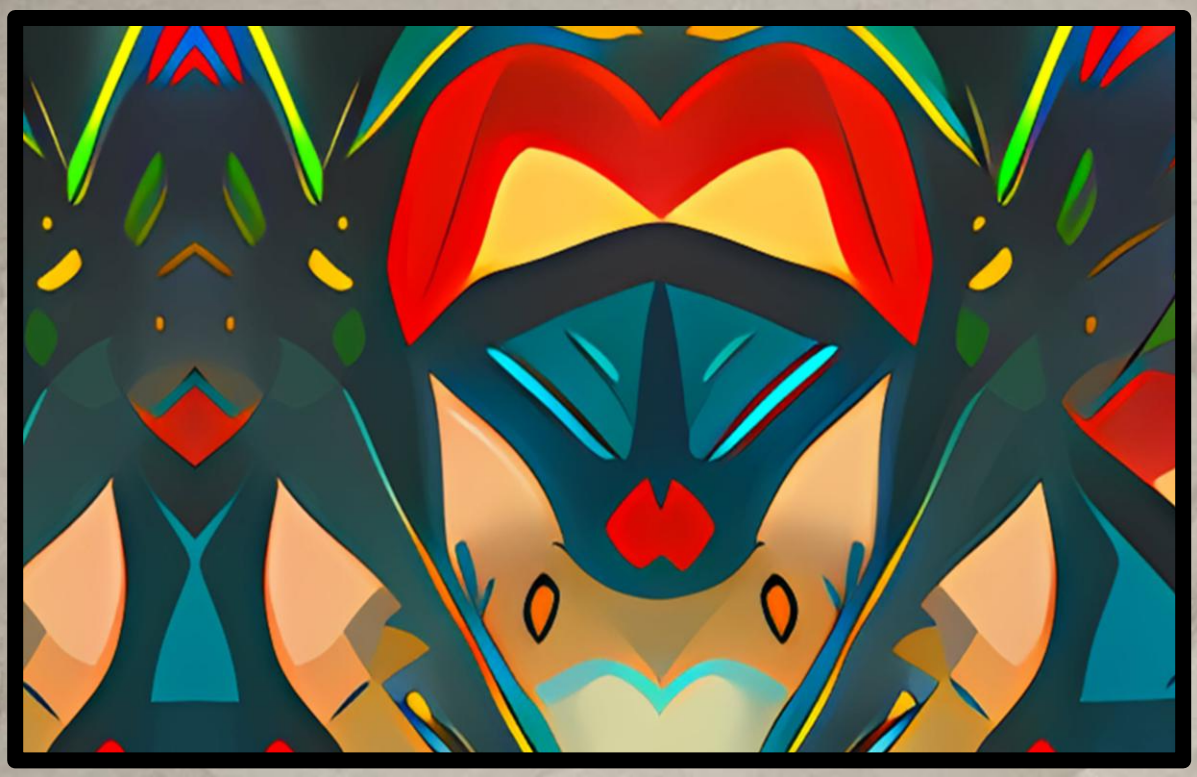

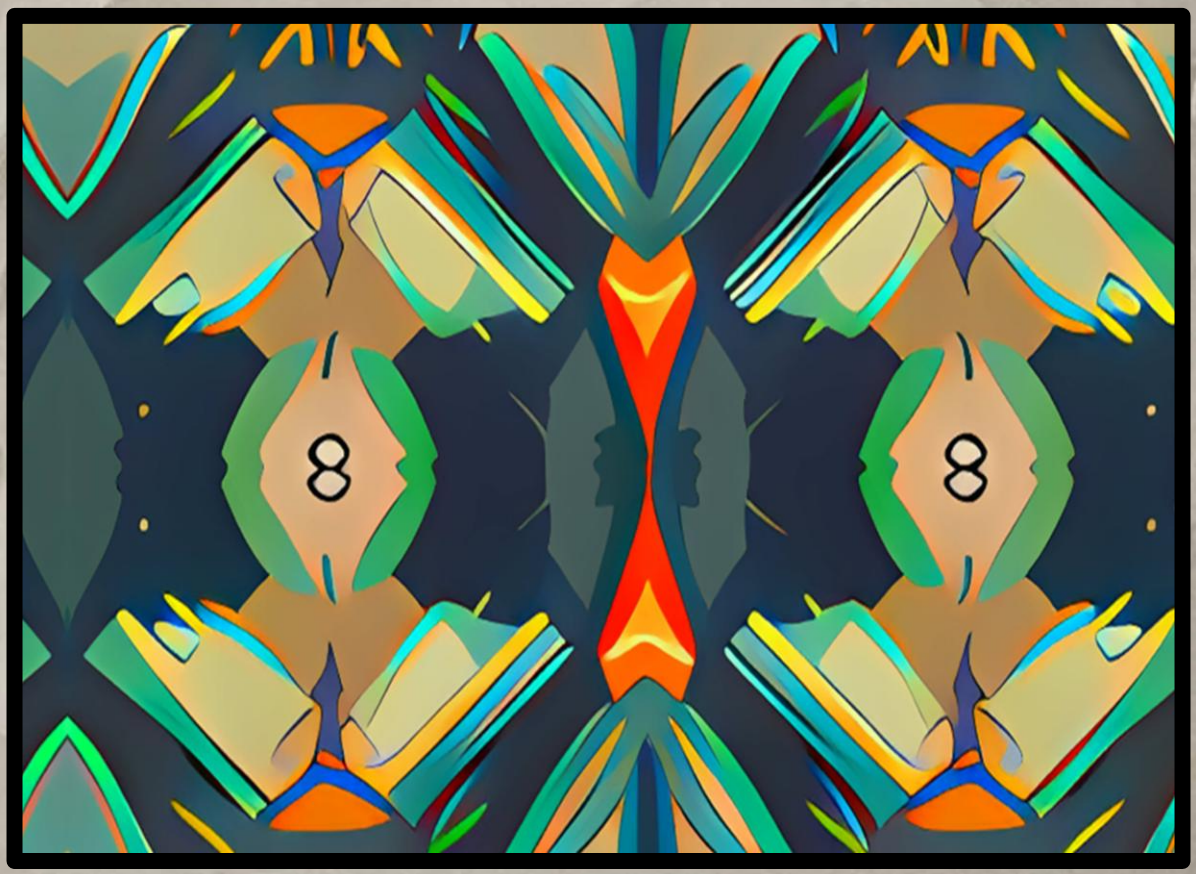

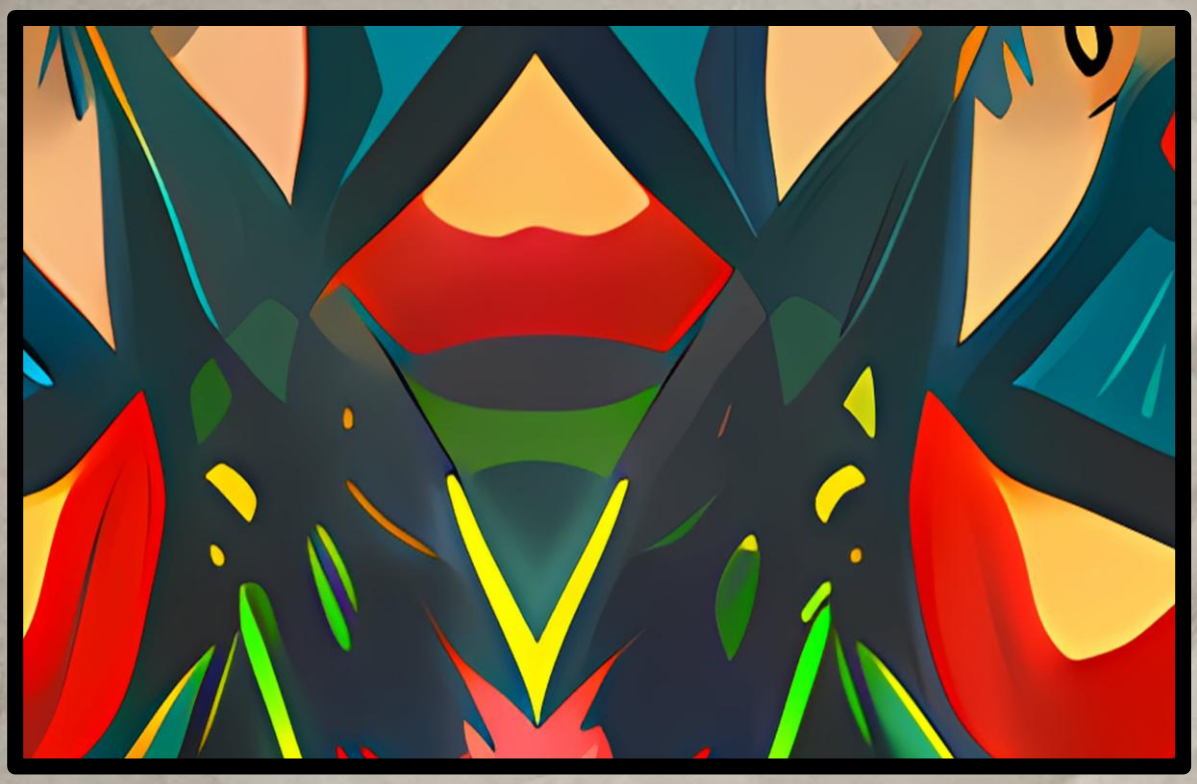

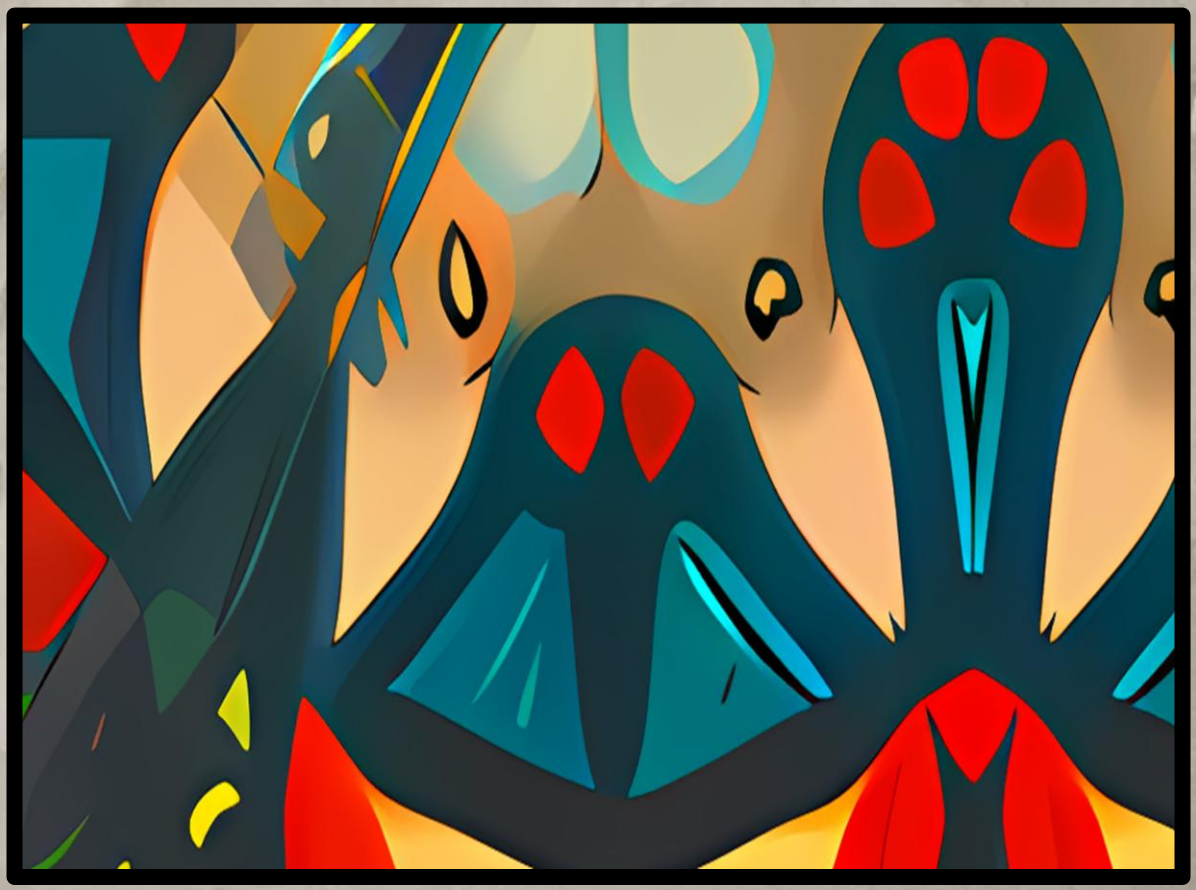

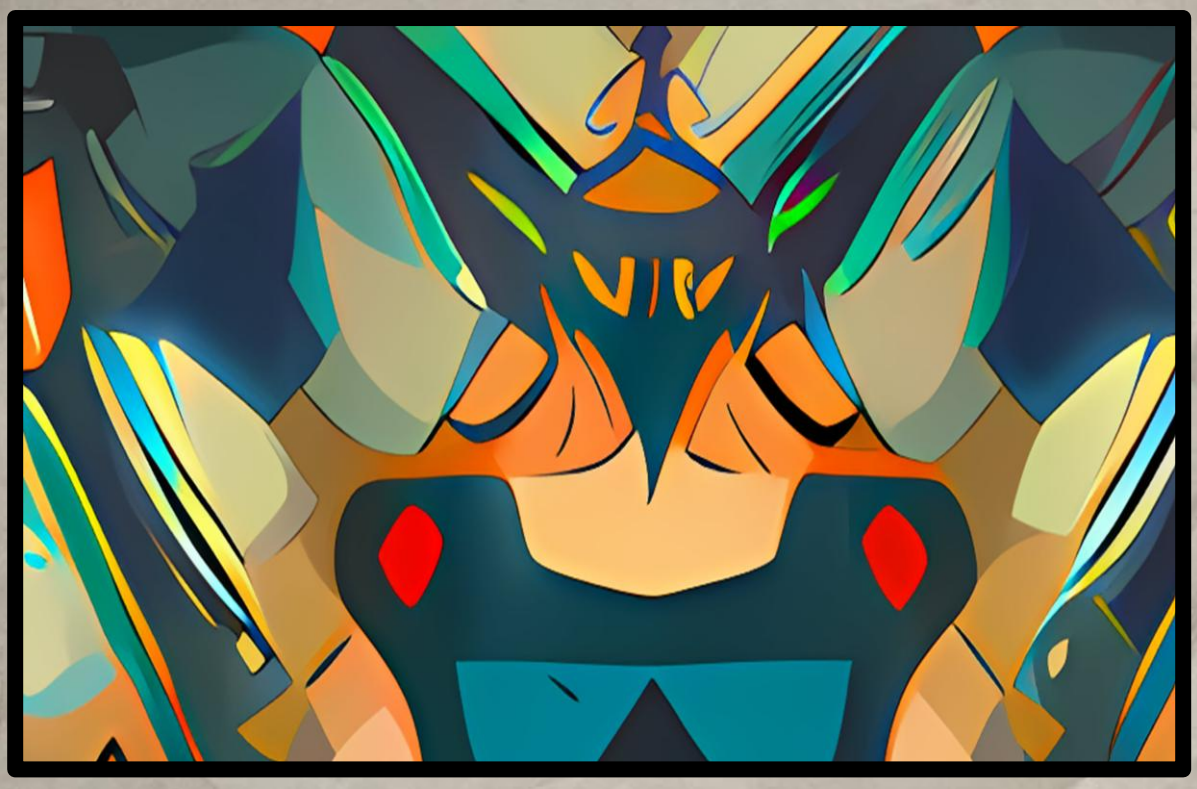

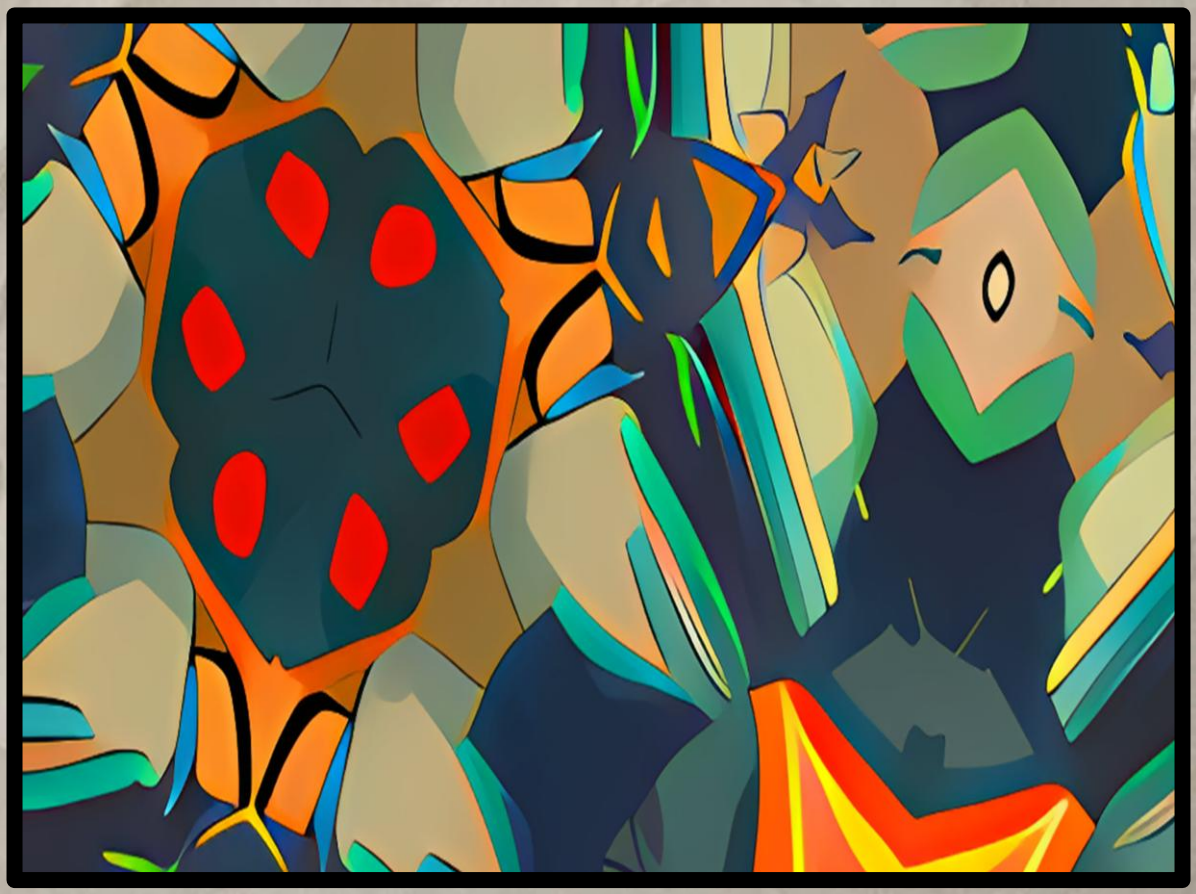

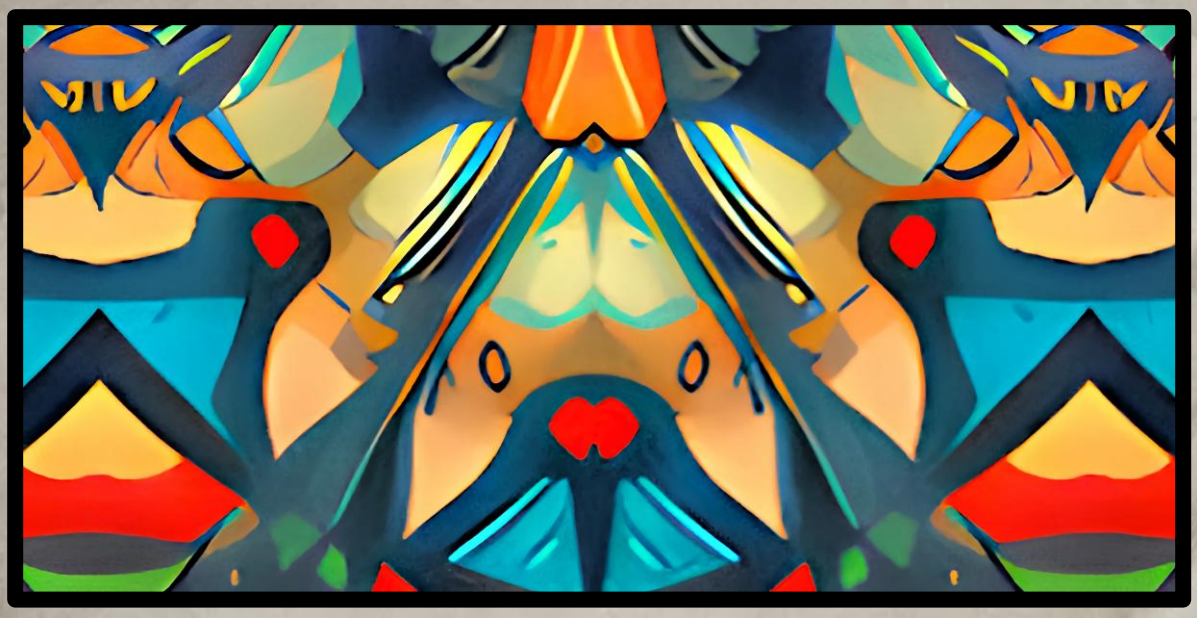

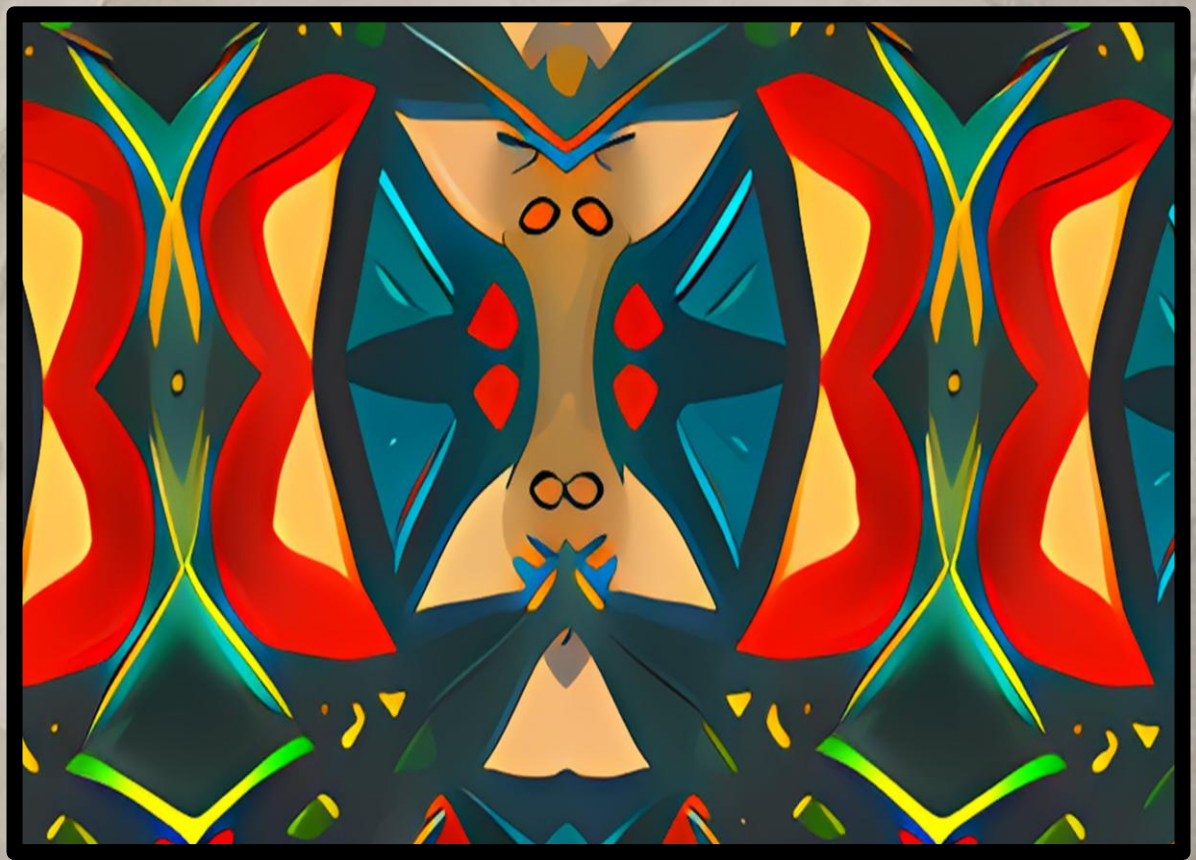

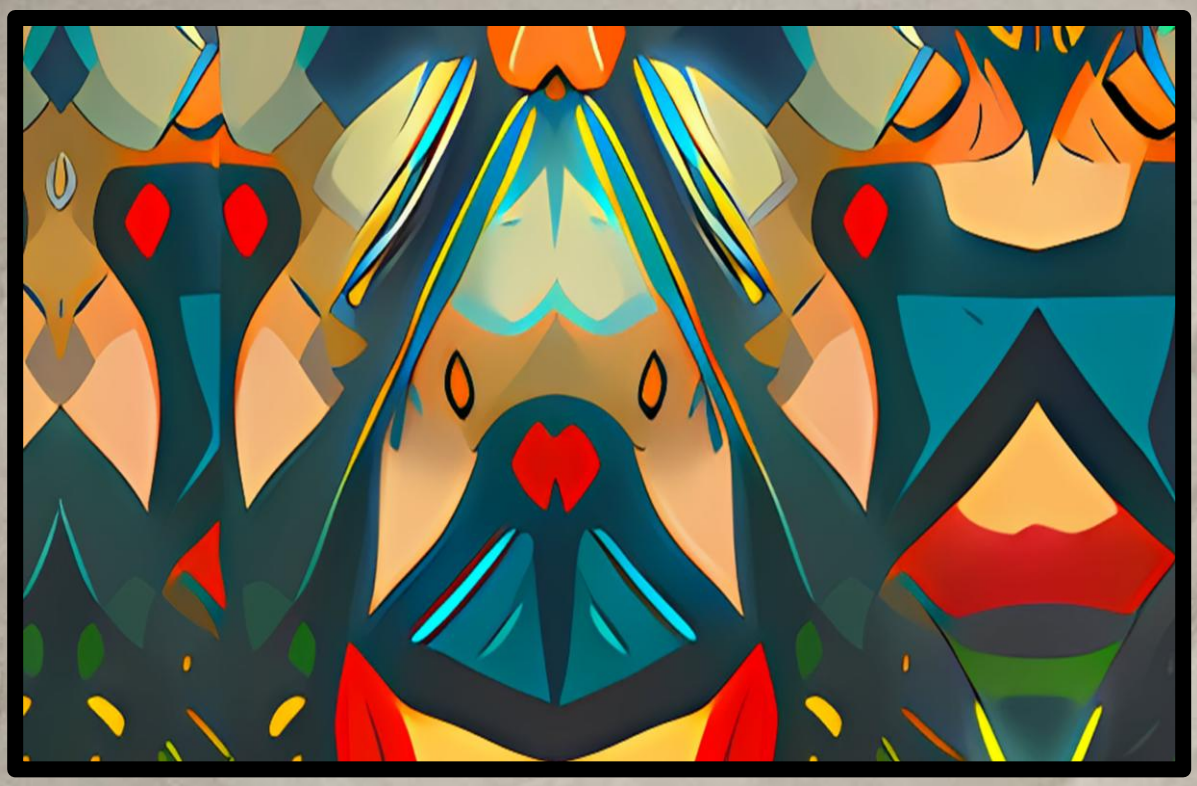

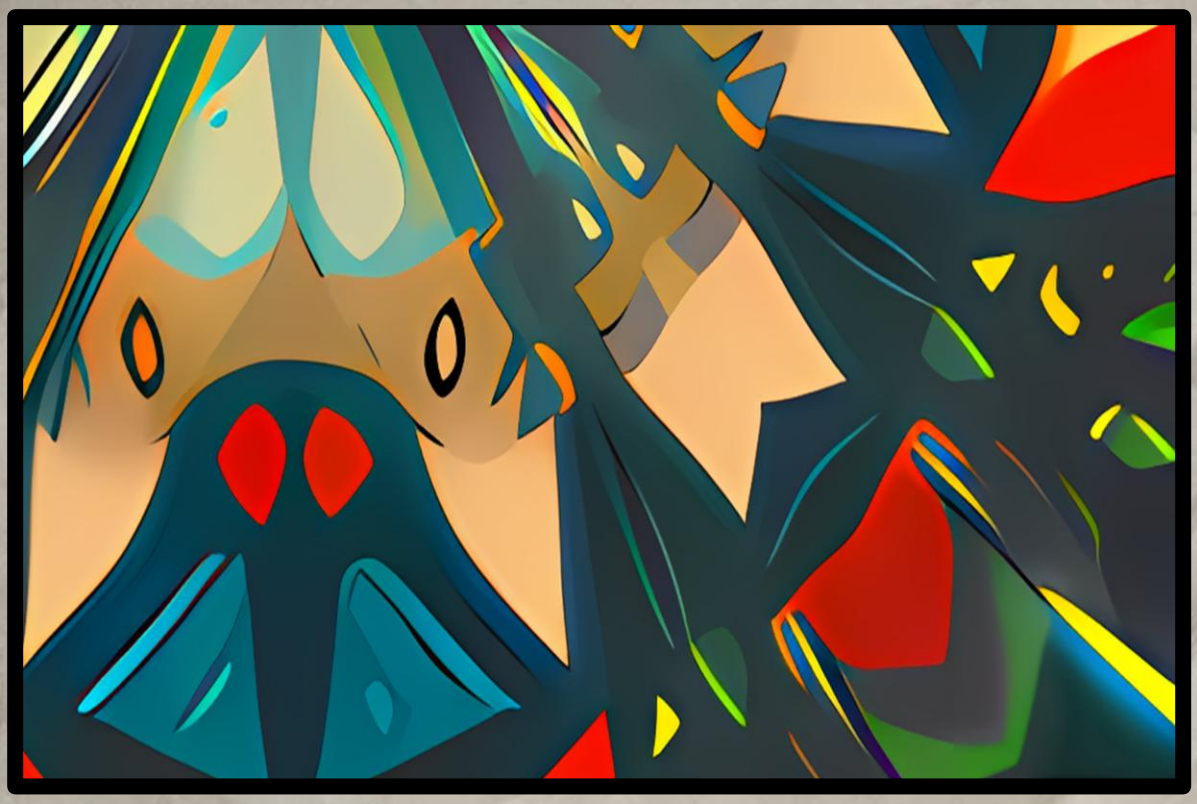

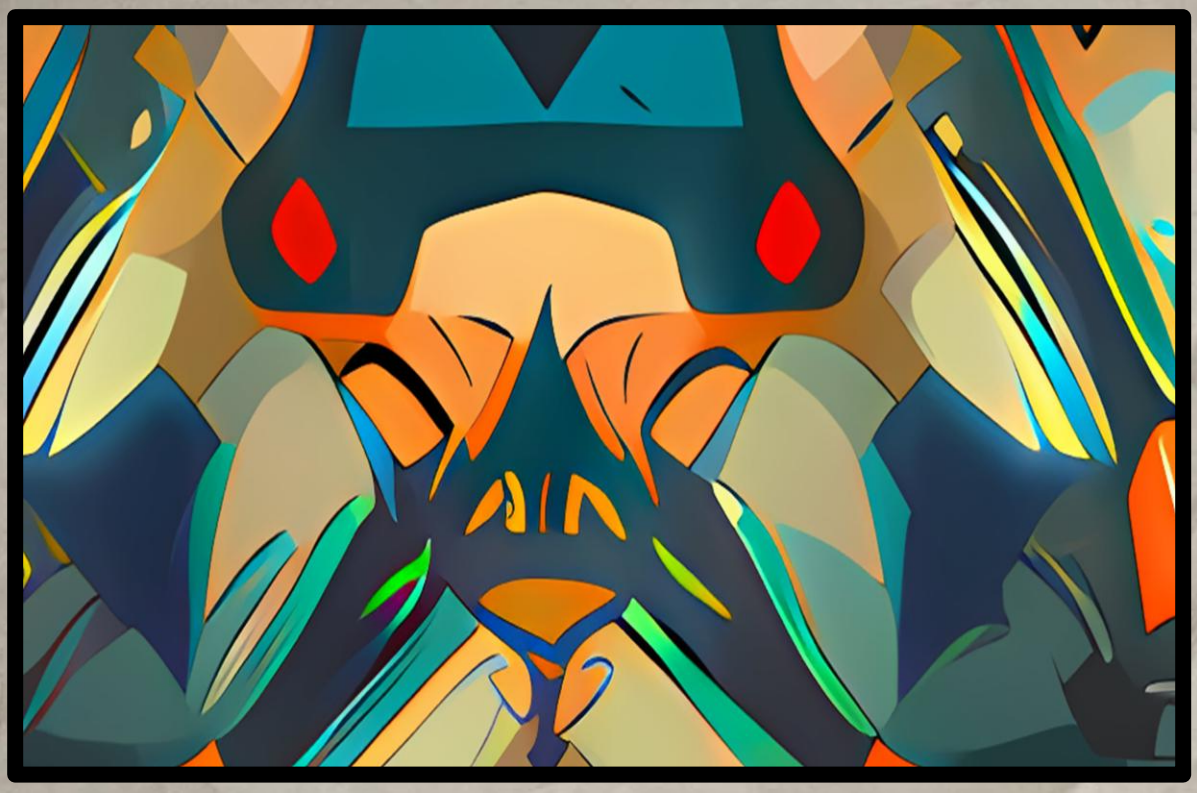

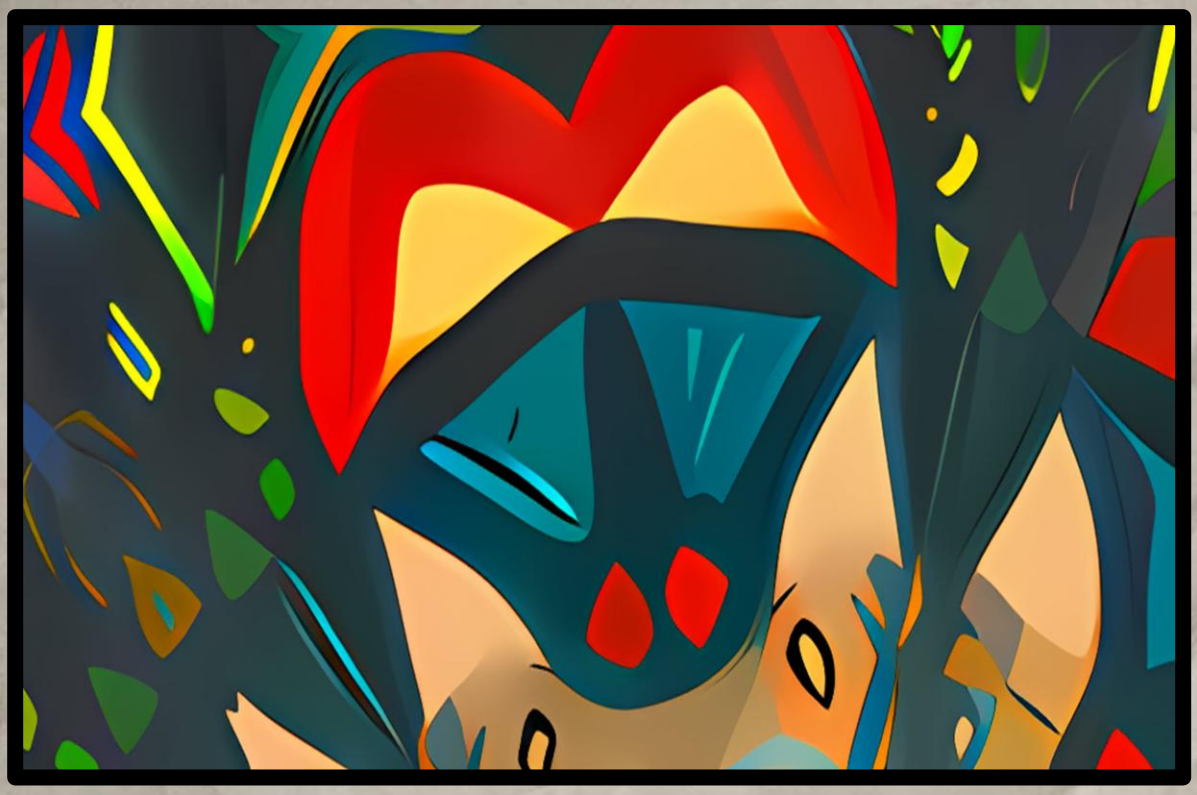

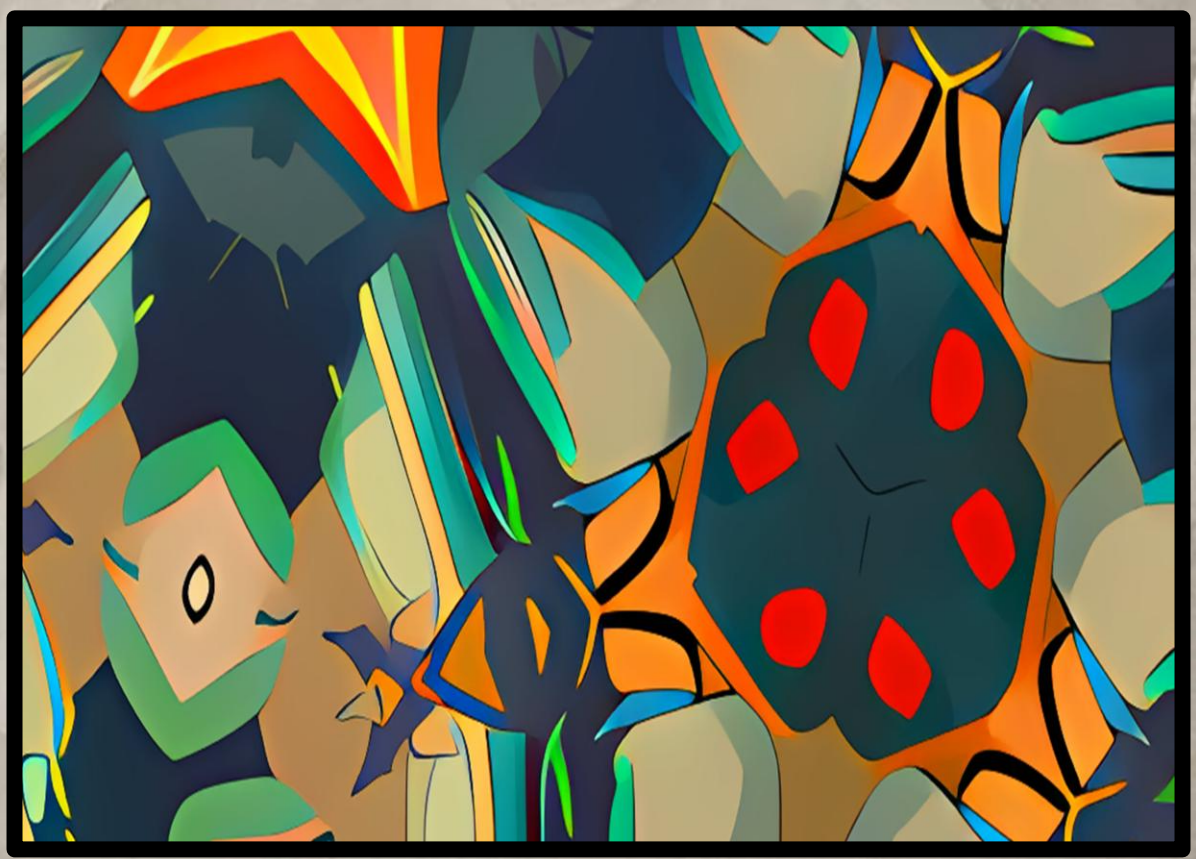

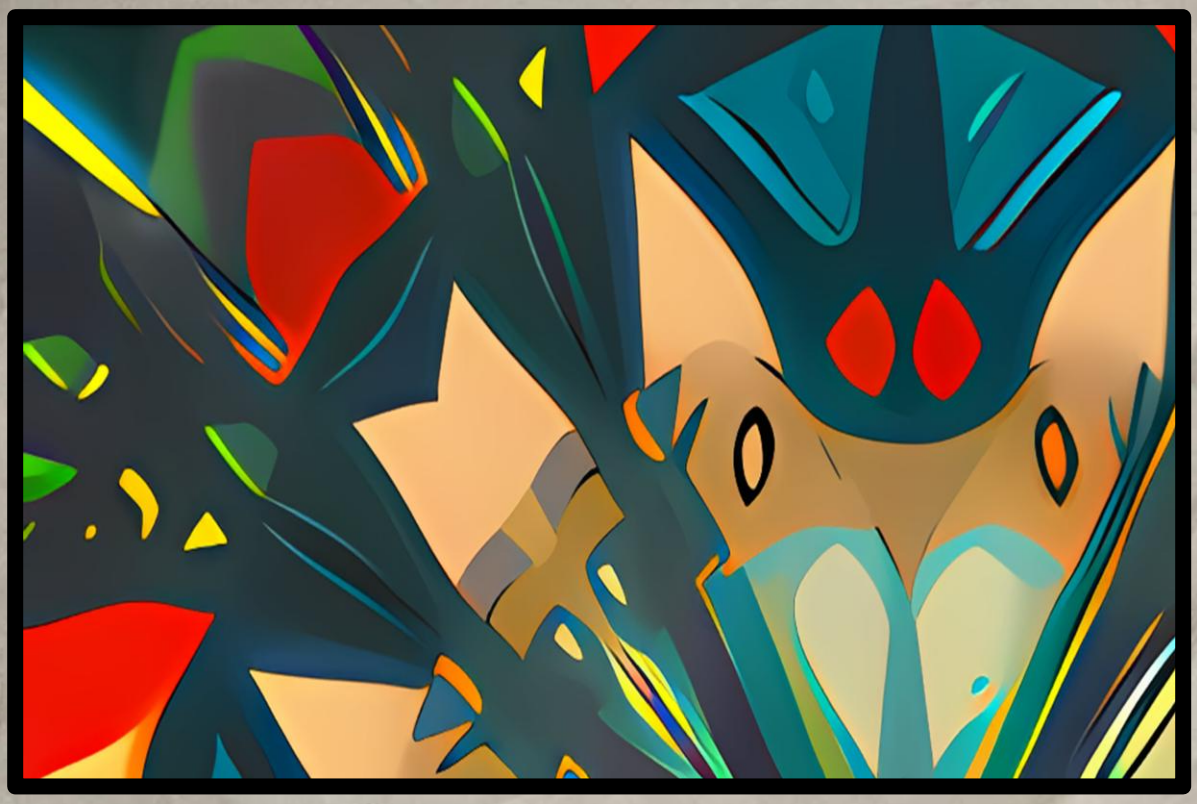

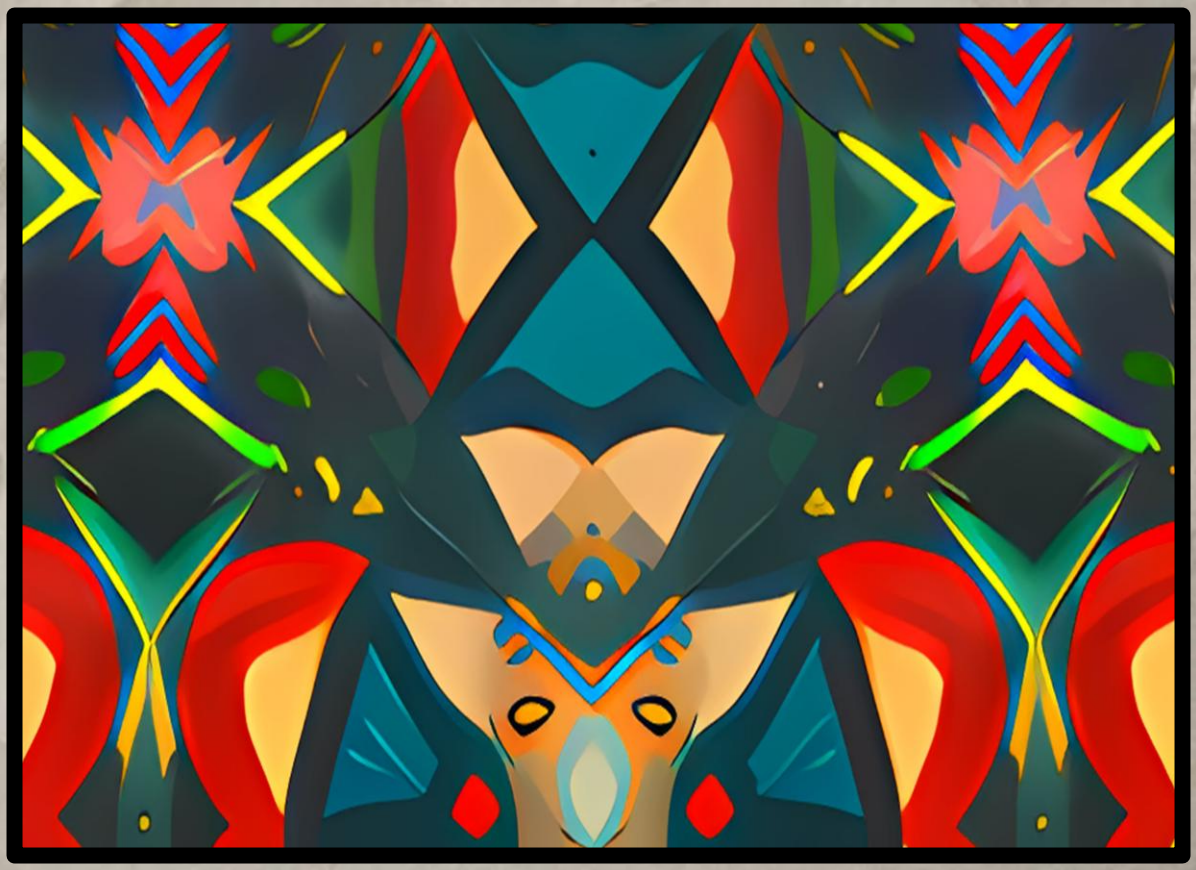

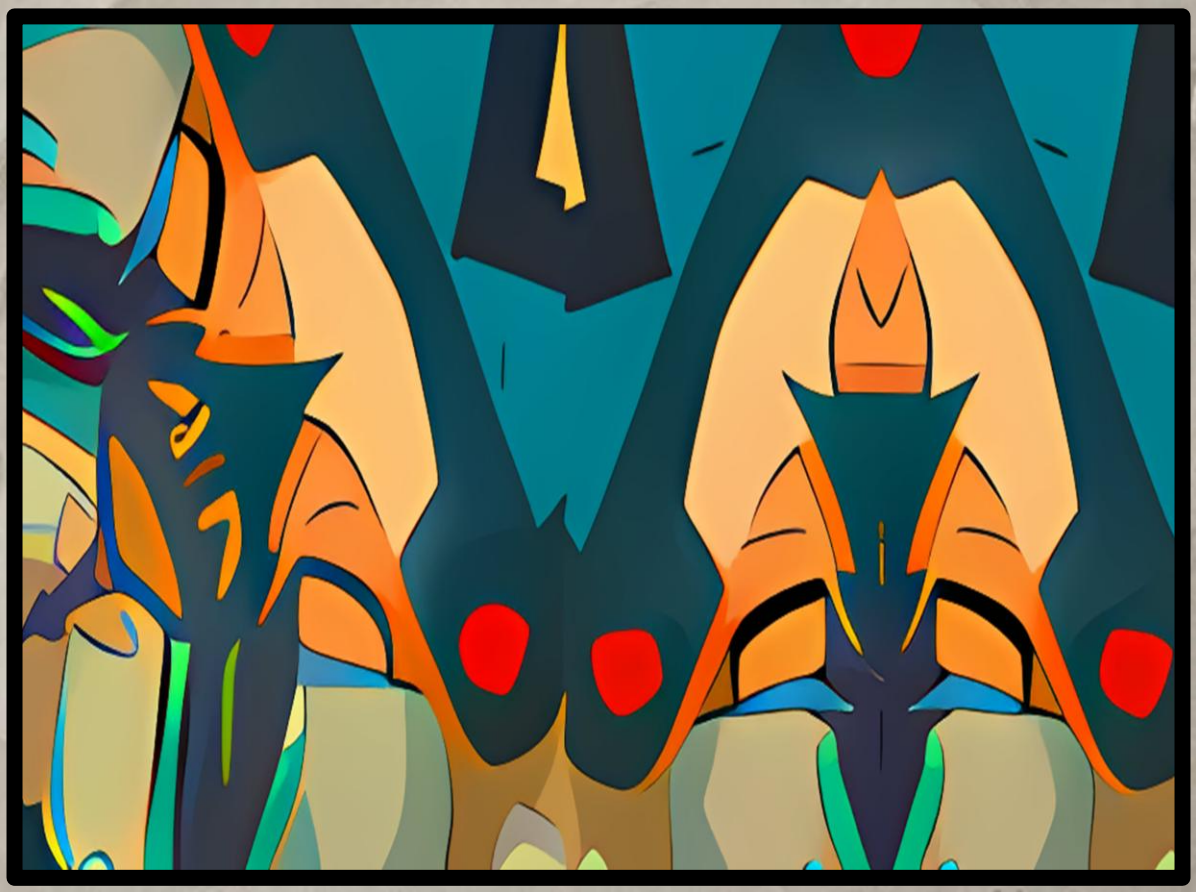

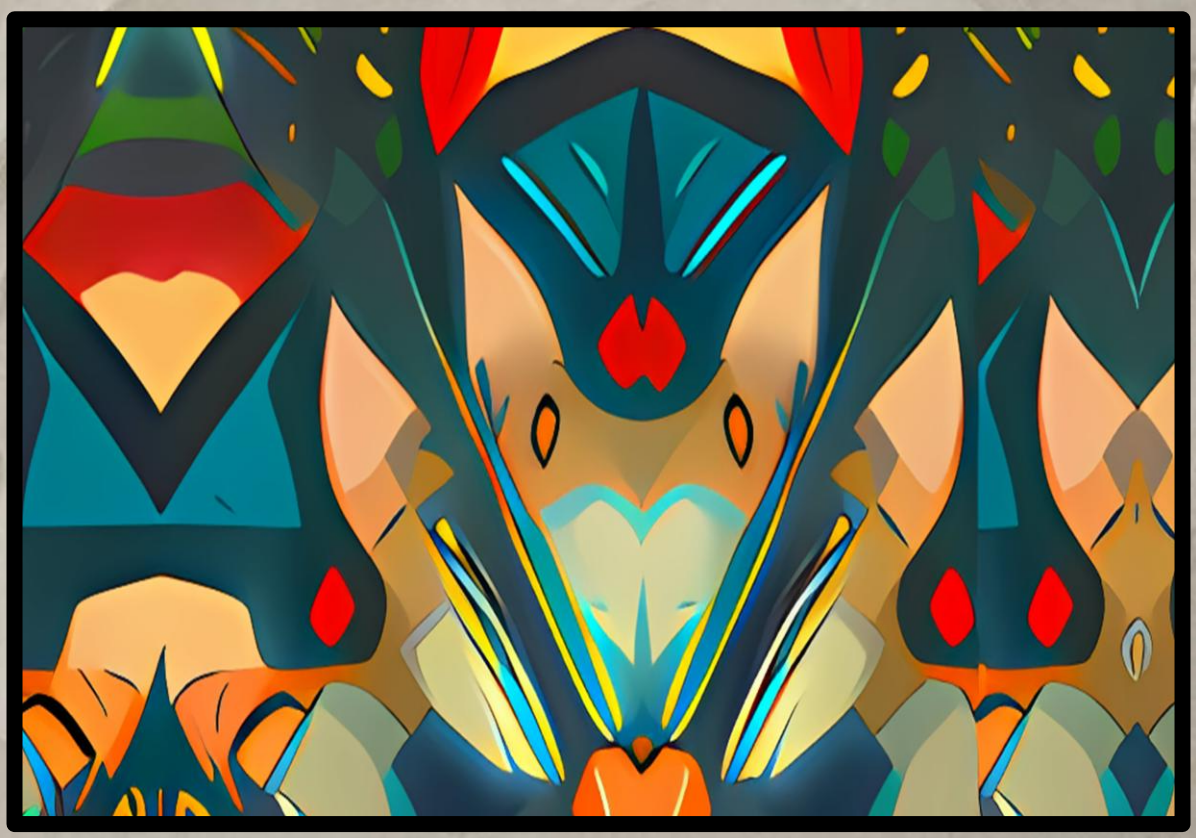

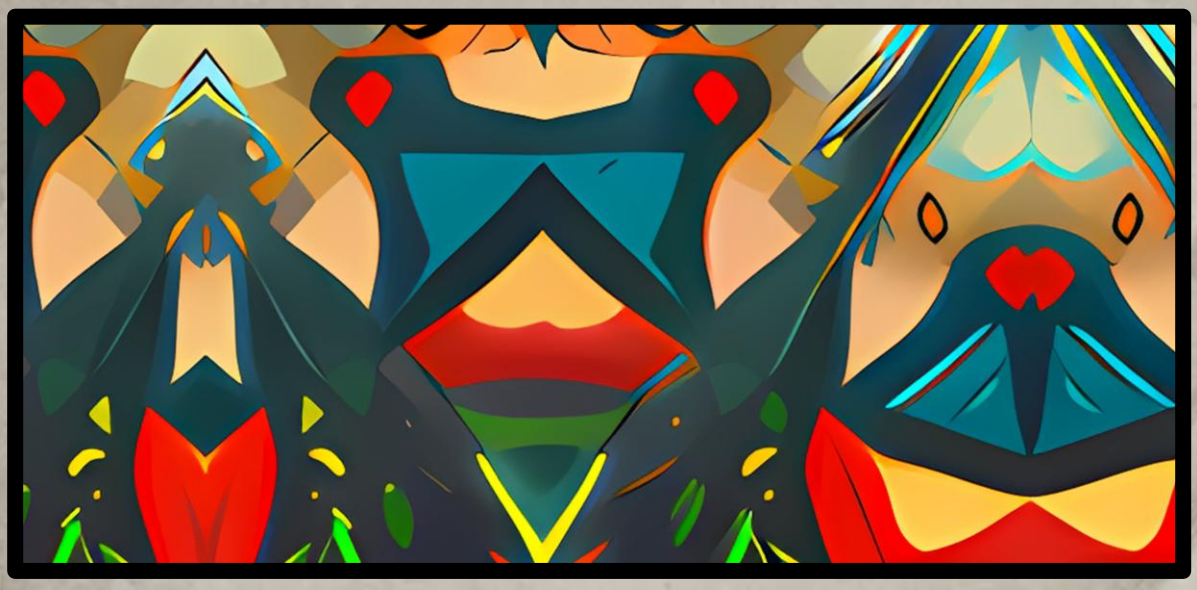

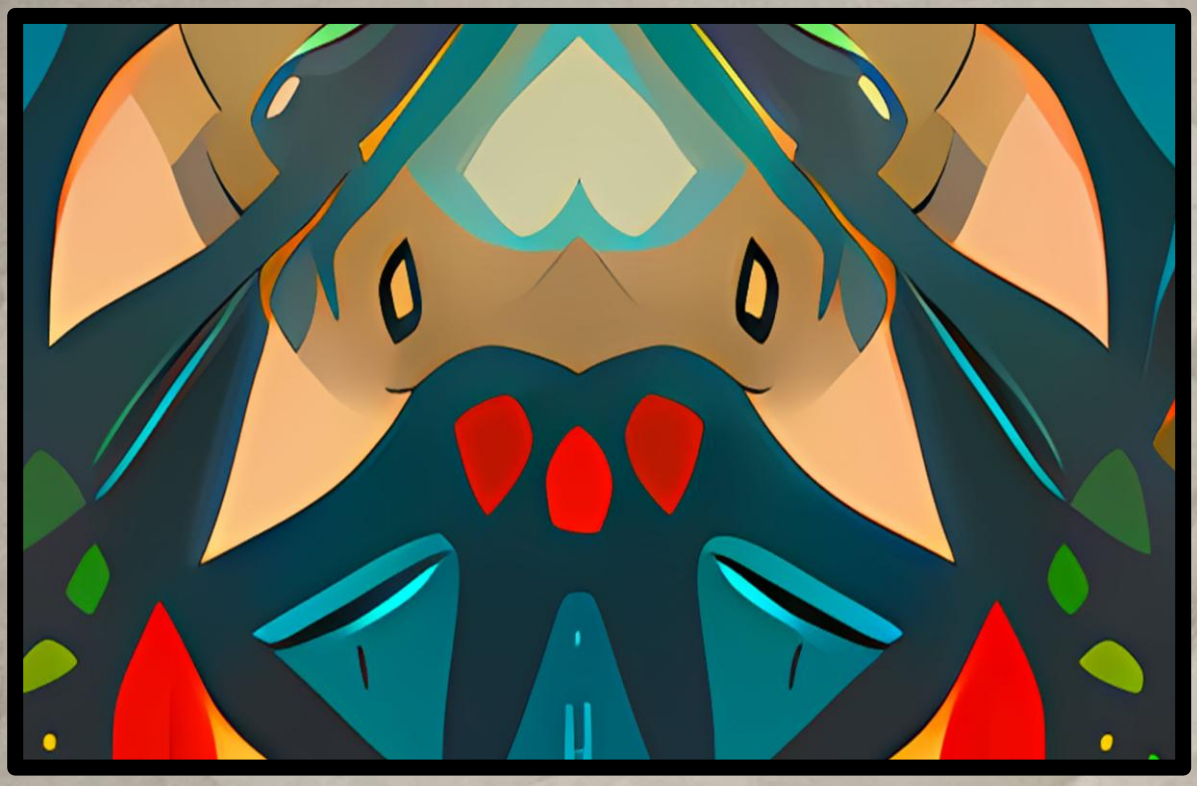

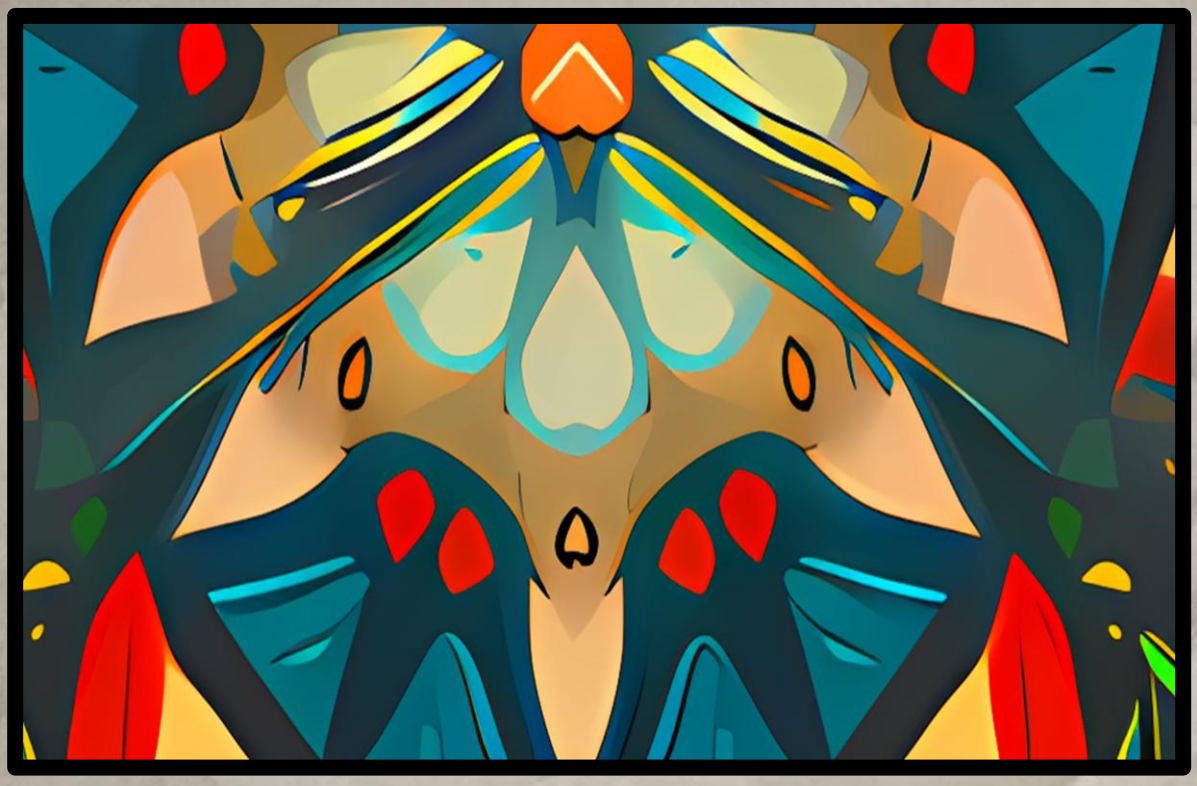

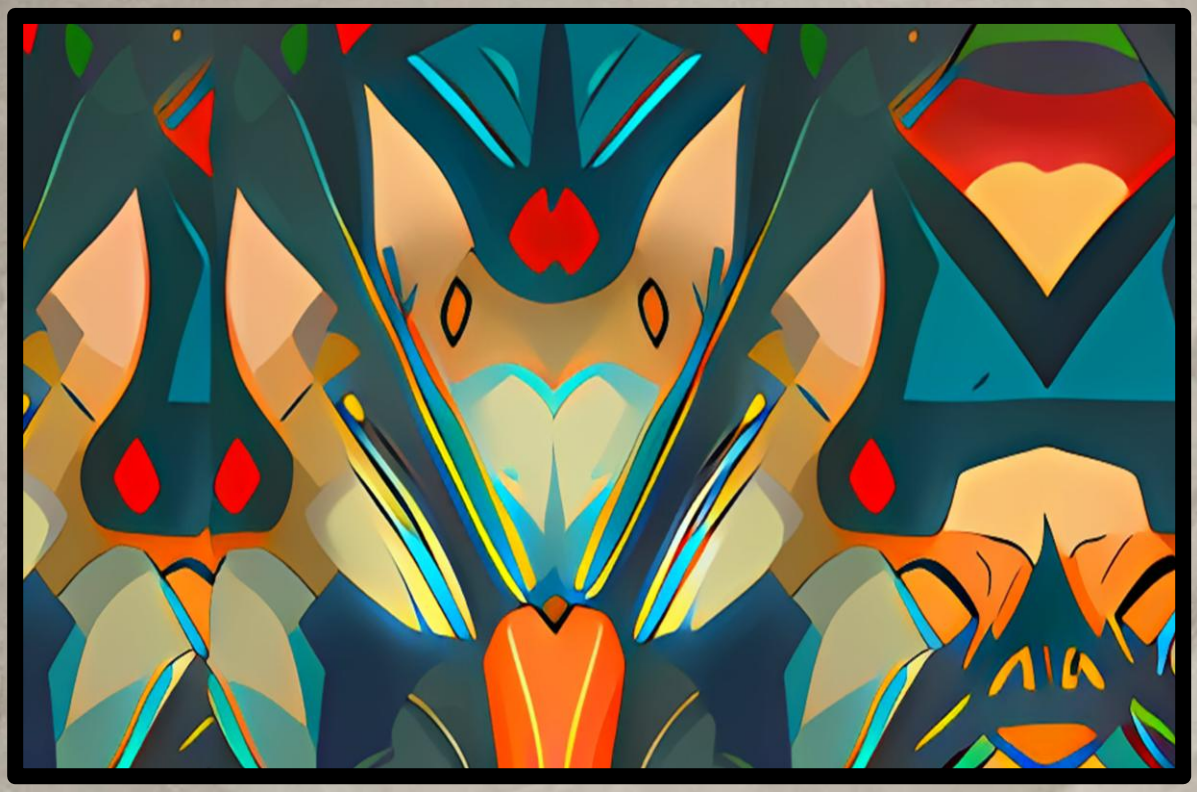

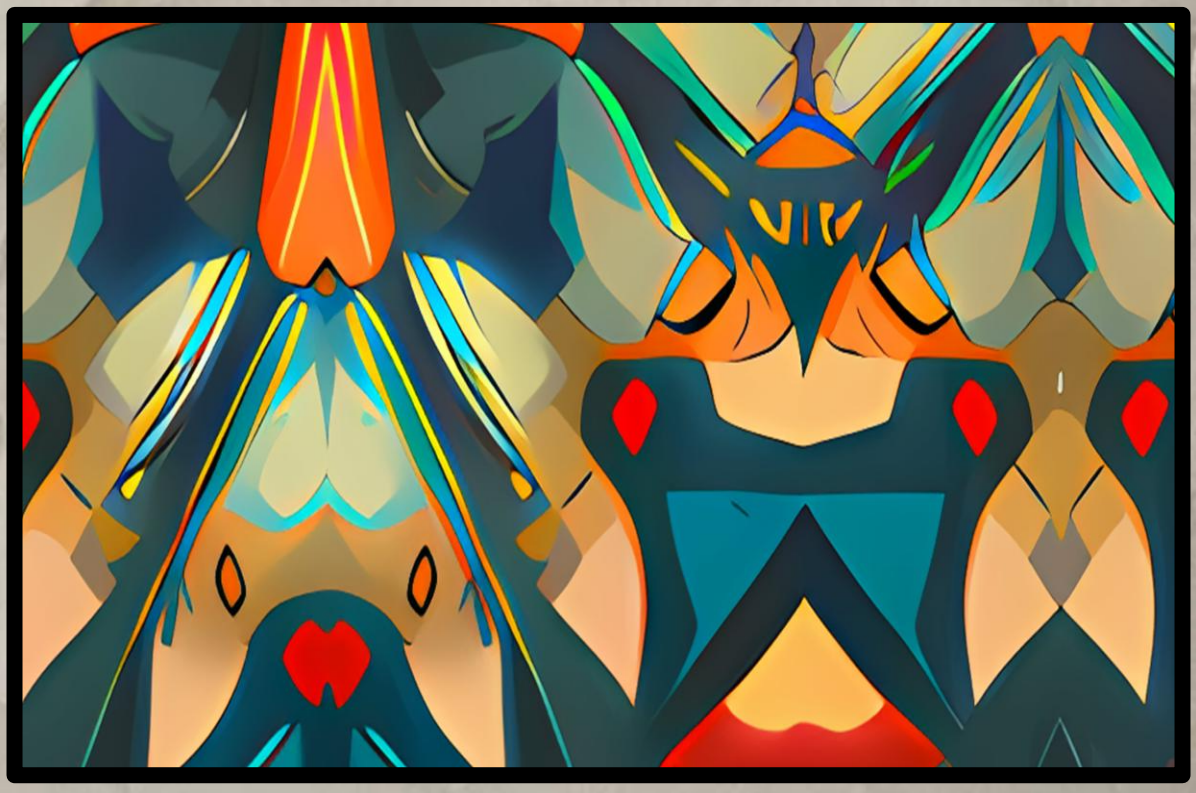

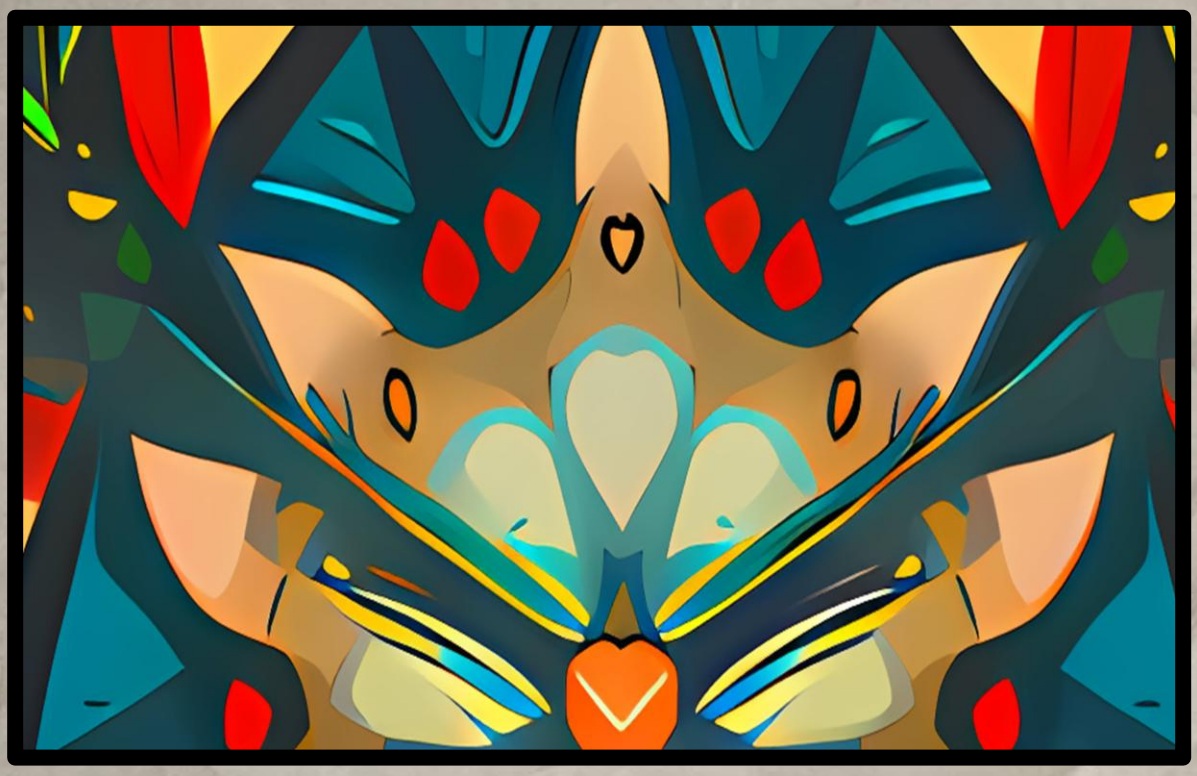

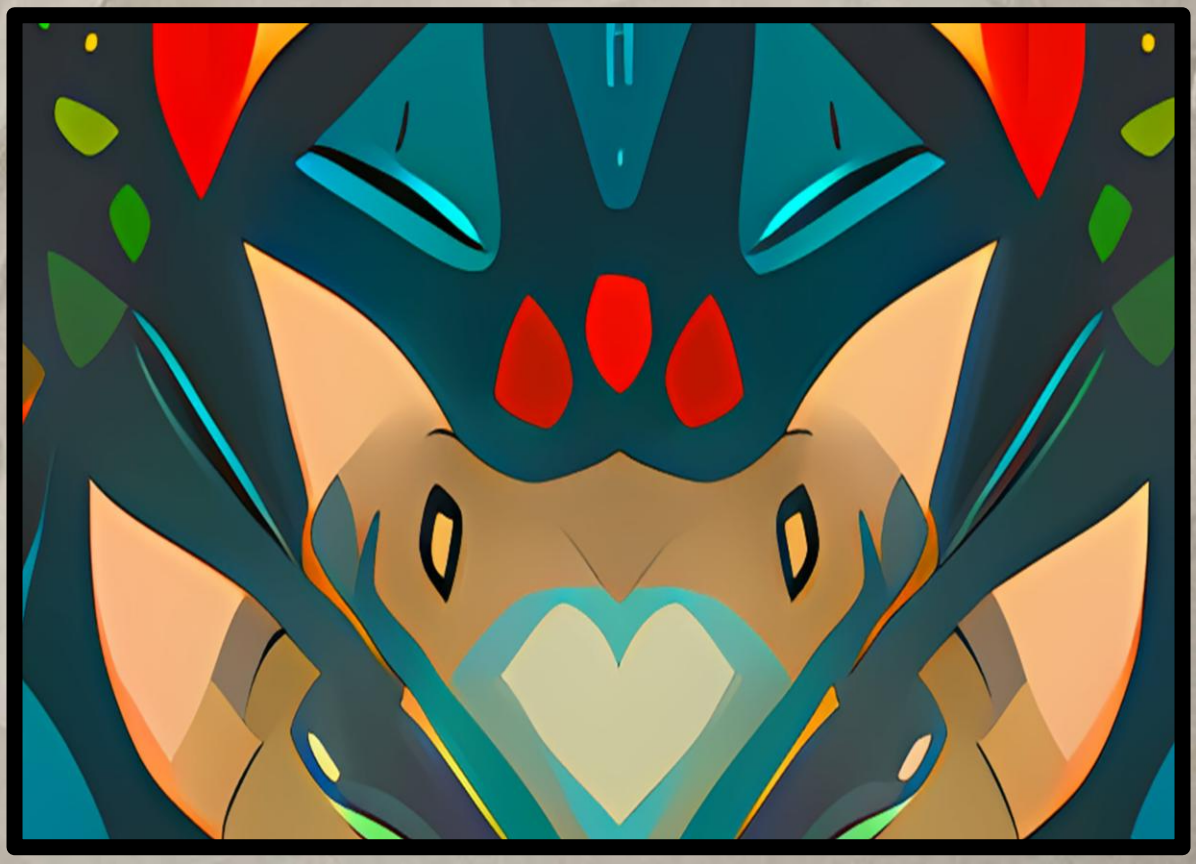

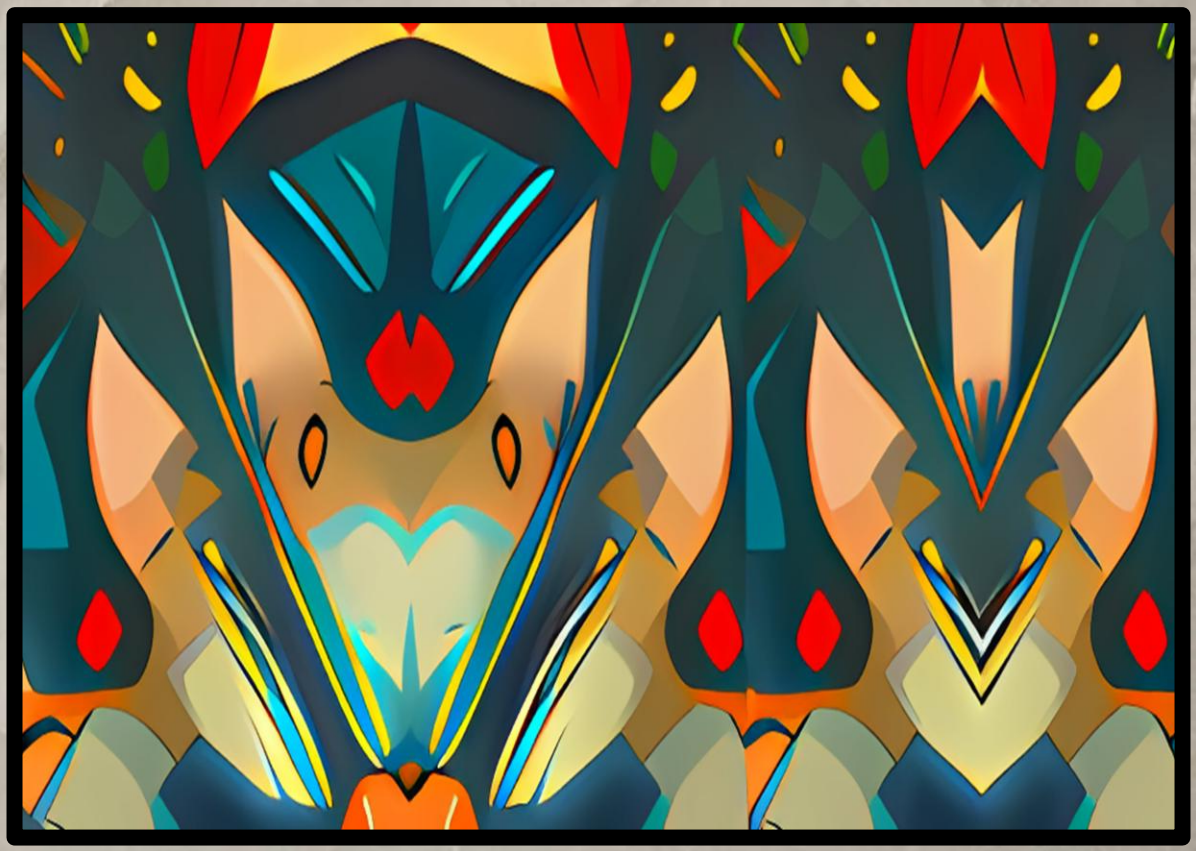

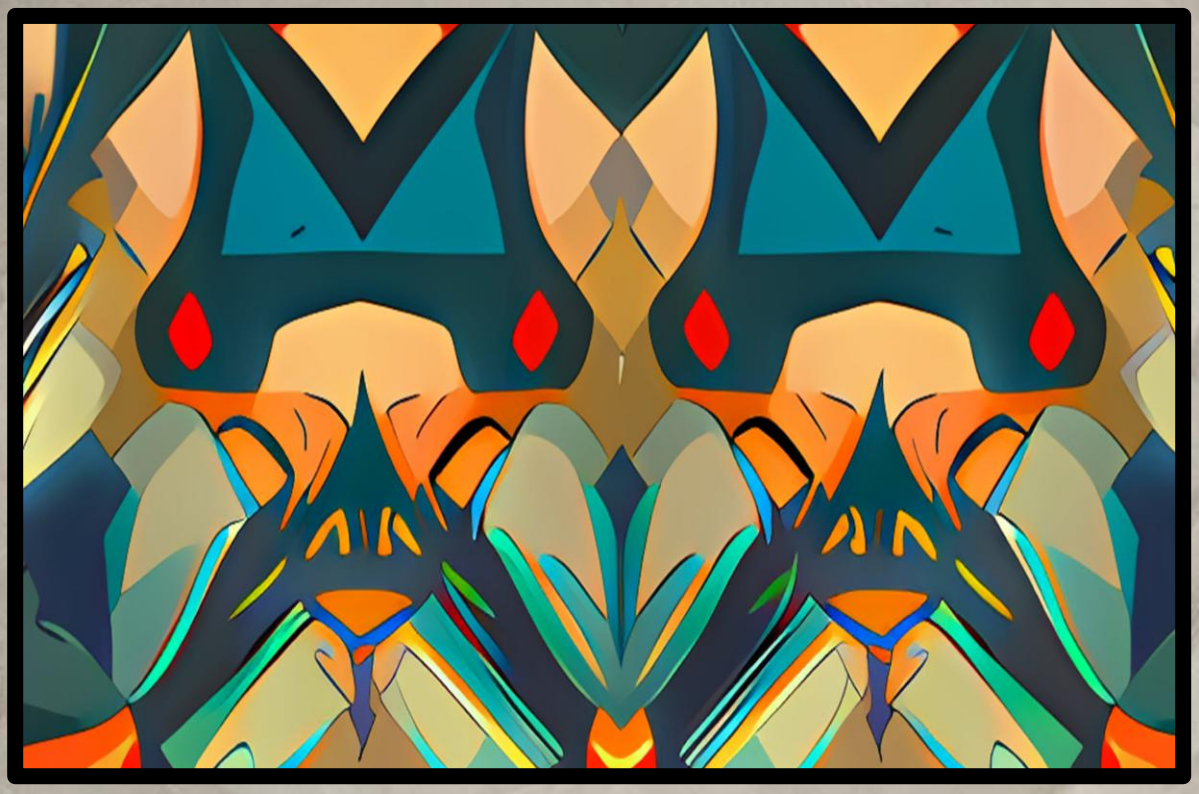

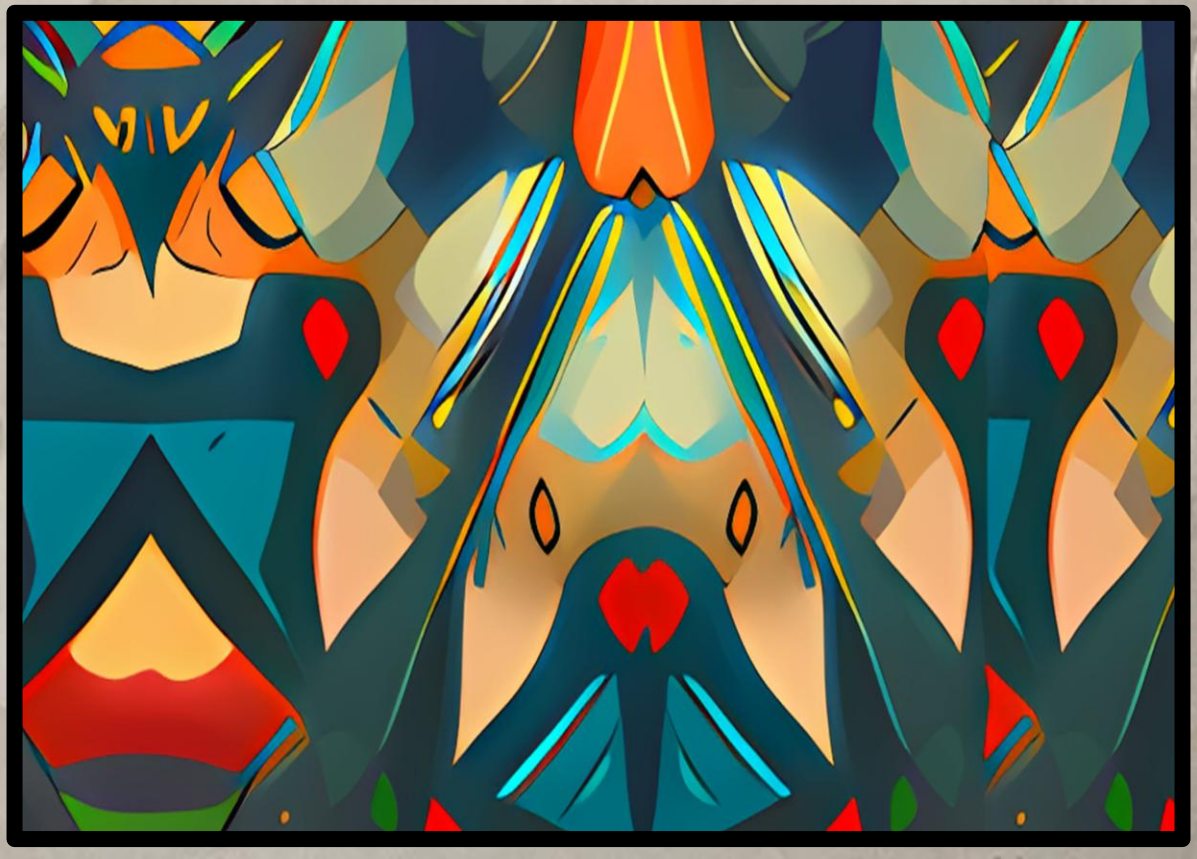

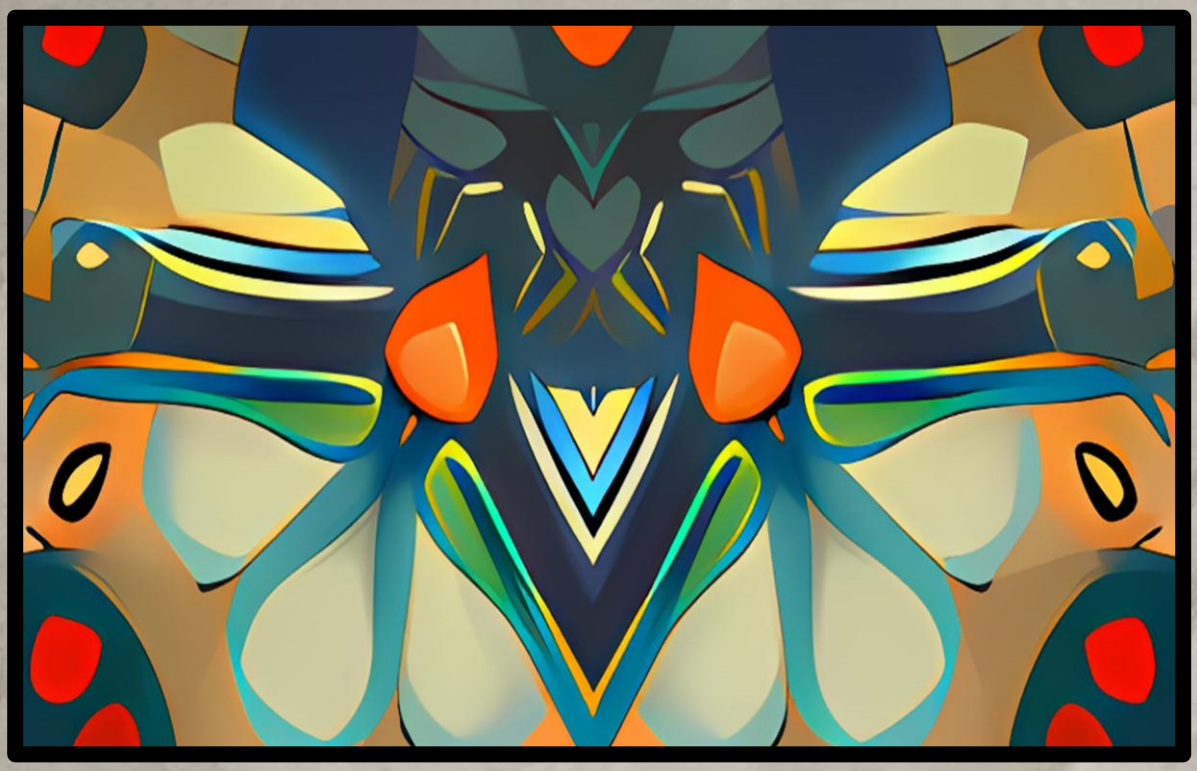

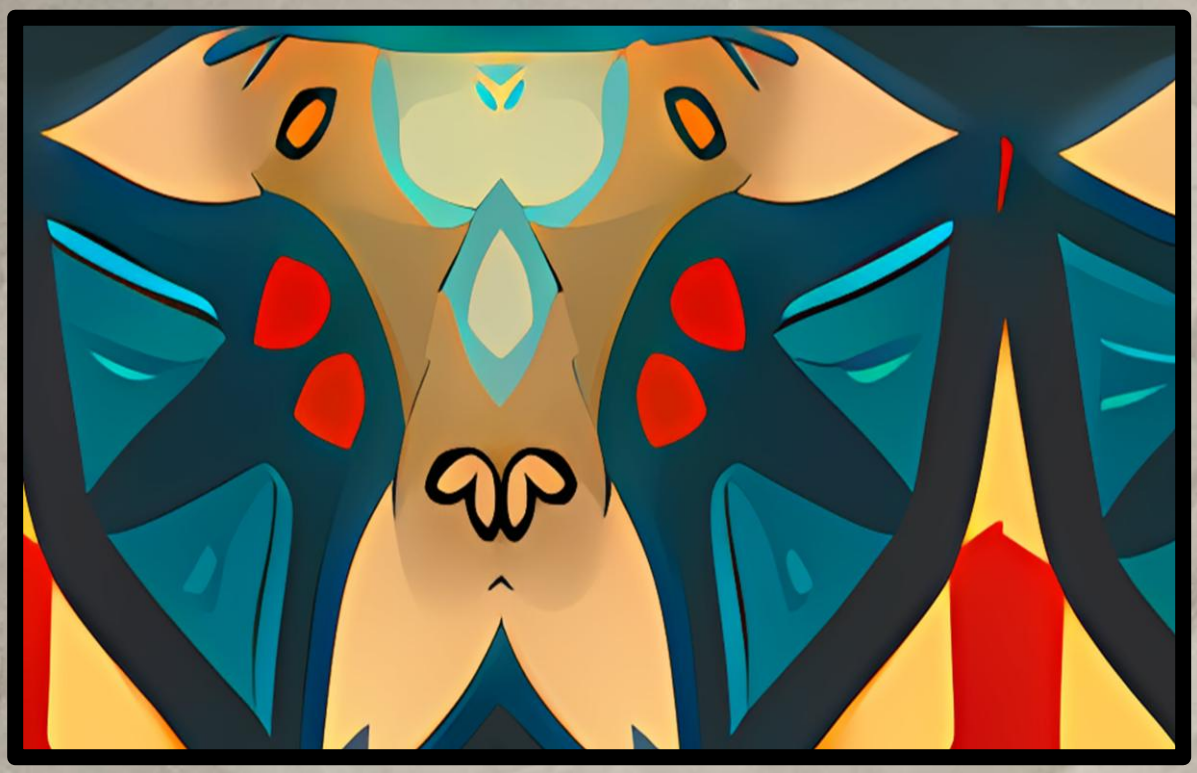

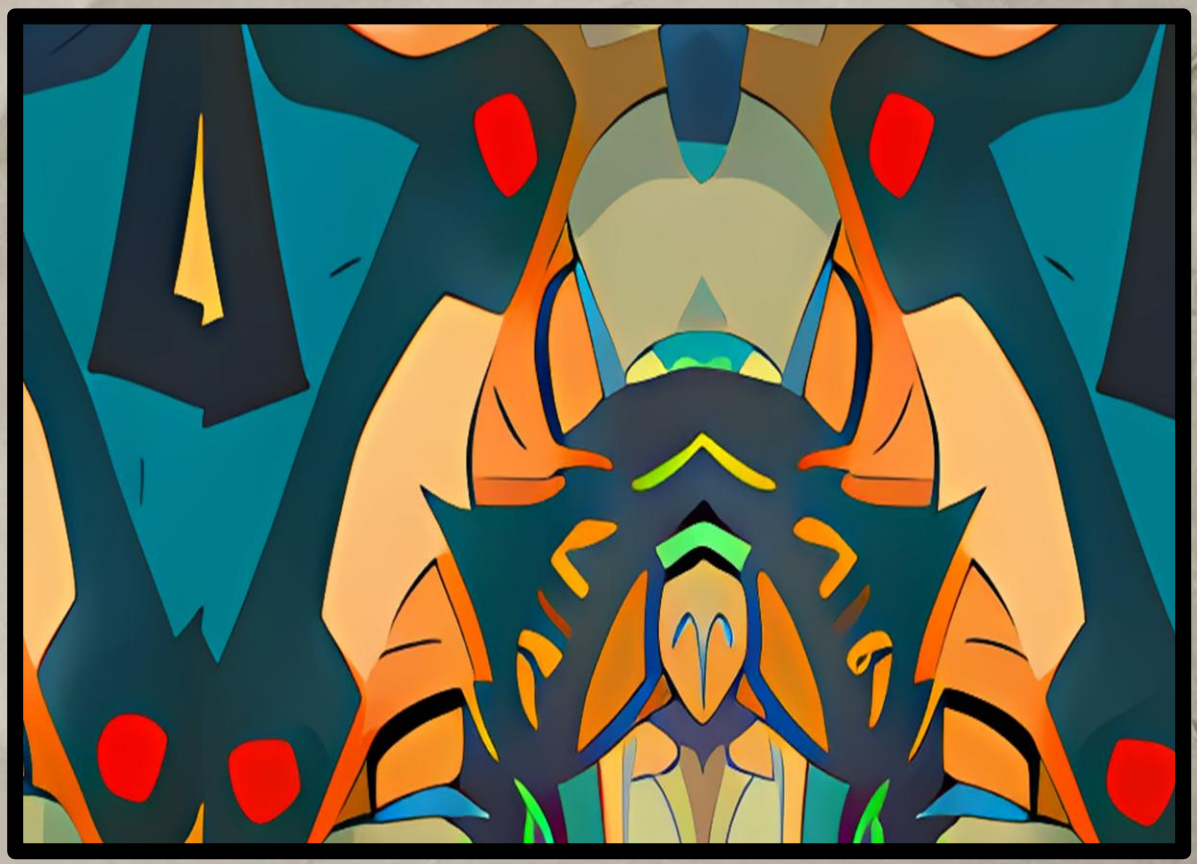

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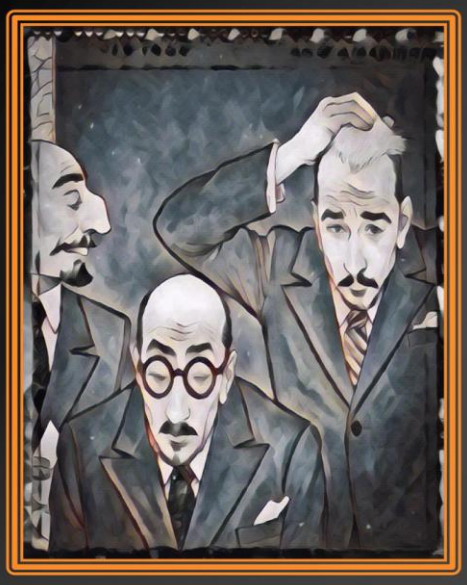

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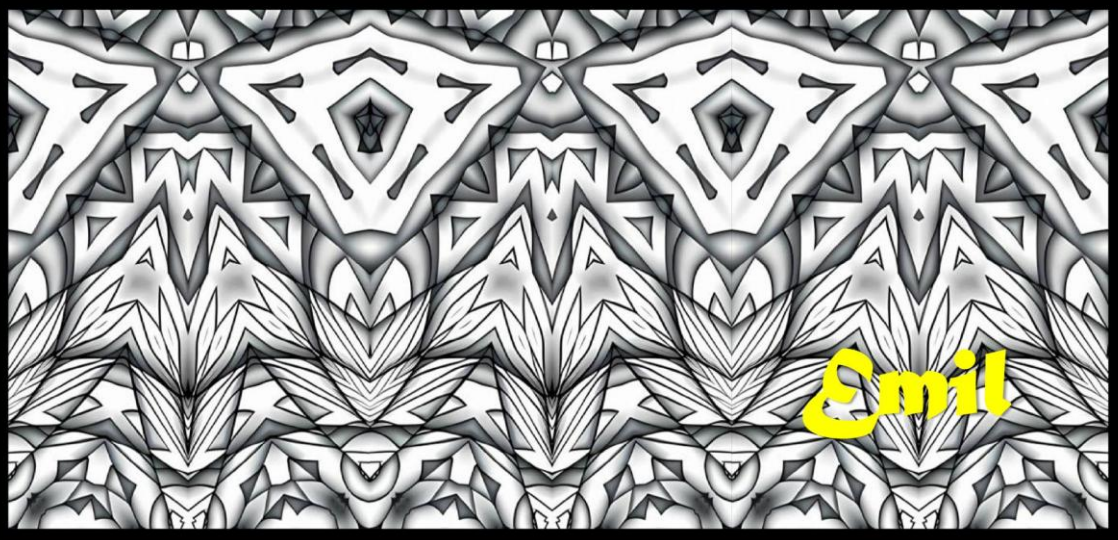

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Unhinged from Time

Volume SIX: No One Gets Out alive 2021

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